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AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

George Manning's Strange Adventure --- Elopement With an Unknown Bride---A Rescue Extraordinary.

By CLARA PARKER.

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PART I.

I am not going to lead up to my story gradually, for when you have learned that my name is George Manning and that I was, at the time the thing happened, visiting my married sister in one of the liveliest, roughest and most altogether corrupt mining towns to which a lady of culture was ever carried by an adoring husband, you will know all that is needful you should know of me, prior to my little burst of notoriety.

My sister was very proud of me—whether justly or unjustly I am not prepared to say—and immediately on my arrival began telling her house with all the single ladies for miles around, in the hope, I was aware, that some one of the undeserving ones creatures would tempt me to stay, my business in the east and set up a family man on some of the ranches in the vicinity of the mines which in the form of reries hung about the persons of already alluring young things.

I had no intention of following out her secret desires, but I had not the slightest objection to making myself as agreeable as nature would permit; and all went smoothly until one day I awoke to the fact that a severe pain was racking at my lower jaw, which finding itself unable to contain this pain within ordinary limits, had swelled itself up to a degree shocking to behold. As kind-hearted a woman as ever lived, my sister was perfectly brutal in her comments on my appearance, and made it so plain that she expected me to keep out of sight of the numerous callers with which her house was always thronged, that I skulked about all that day like some forlorn leper, a large bandage about my head and a very displeasing ointment imparting a pungent odor to my entire person.

Night came and I was no better. My sister became desperate. There was nothing for it—I must be lanced. The pain had stopped by this time, and I pleaded delay, but was scornfully refused. I hinted at rebellion, and then my fears were meanly played upon. Who could tell but that my disorder might be some deep-seated affection of the bone. I laughed softly at this, but was promptly frowned down. Doctor A. must be seen. He knew everything.

"Well, send for him then!"

But, no, he must not be sent for; he was in delicate health; I must go to him.

What! In this high wind! I was in delicate health myself!

Nonsense. There was nothing the matter with me.

Then why go for a doctor?

I will not write down all my pitiful efforts at logic with a woman, and that woman a sister. I went, of course, an unsightly mass of shawls in a close carriage; and after a long drive, during which I went to sleep, I was admitted into the presence of the most disagreeable man I ever met—none other than the great doctor himself, who was eating what smelled like very poor soup, out of a large bowl, and who insulted me the moment I explained my business. I was pitifully servile, but to no purpose. I abused myself in bitter terms; I jeered at my own folly in supposing my case worthy of his notice; but I could not soften his judgment by a hair's breadth. I meanly laid my indignity at my sister's door, and told him as mirthfully as possible that she had feared some trouble with the bone. For answer he drove a lancet into my swollen jaw to its very hilt, and stopped my speech with my own blood.

I could have shrieked aloud, but for the contempt in his eye; and then he called my trouble a "gum-boil," as the most atrocious thing he could lay his tongue to, and while the cold sweat of pain was drying on me, I handed him a large bill, from which I got no change.

I should have been gone in a moment, and what did happen never would have happened if the maidservant had come. While I stood in the cold hall fumbling with them, another patient, or at least another caller, entered. Not a meek, dejected figure this time, with his head tied up in shawls, but a large, massive creature in a heavy coat, with a heavy stamping step, and a smell of new leather about him, which probably came from his long-wristed driving gloves. He paid no attention to me; indeed he could scarcely have seen me, I stood so far back in the shade; but strode on into the presence of the doctor, leaving the door open and having a general air of hurry and impatience.

It is all going down just as it happened, so I may as well confess that I was conscious of a sudden vulgar curiosity as to the reception of my successor.

"Doctor A., I believe?" exclaimed the newcomer in the loud, aggressive tone affected by the hack driver and traveling salesman, and then stopped—which was more than the doctor did, for he kept on with his soup, rattling the spoon against his false teeth at each mouthful with a vindictive, stabbing movement. "Well," he snarled, at length, setting down the empty bowl and fixing the man with a savage scowl, "what's the matter with you? Have you got a gum-boil, too?" This last with contempt unutterable. This was too much! Of course the newcomer knew nothing of me and my troubles, so was ignorant of the creature's meaning; but remembering the gum-boil, if I must so call it, I felt that it should have received more respectful treatment, and I was on the verge of doing something rash, when the doctor again surprised me.

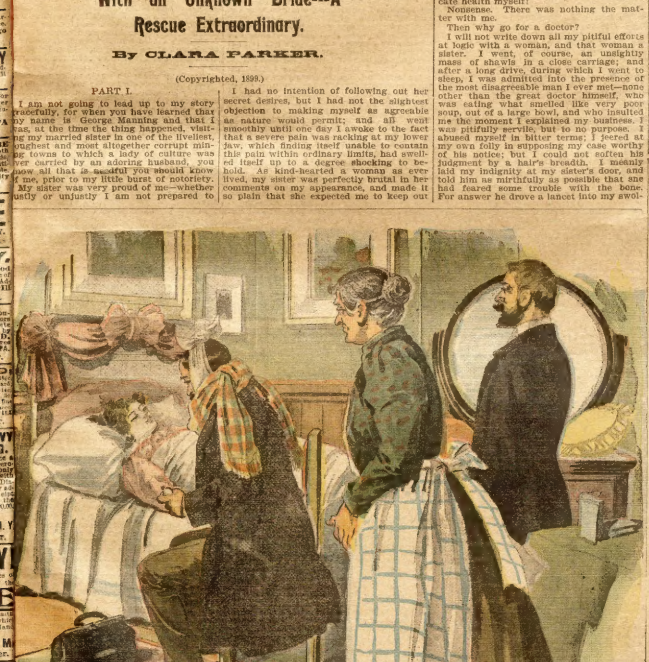
"Shut that door!" he screamed, but whether at me or my successor, I could not tell. Evidently the man thought that he was addressed, for muttering an exclamation not strictly moral, he closed the door with a bang that made me wink.

I came to myself at that, and a little ashamed of lurking there, I finished my bundling hastily, and withdrew with statelliness. My carriage was waiting for me just where I had left it, which should have surprised me, considering that I had told the man not to wait, as I felt inclined for some exercise after my day's retirement. This, however, I failed to remember, only observing, as I climbed inside, that there was no one in the driver's seat. Doubtless he was a tippling animal, and had stepped across the way to that cosy little saloon I saw there. Another time I would not have grudged him his little fling, but I was growing decidedly ill-tempered and meanly plotted how I should disconcert him on his return.

It was a gratifying thought as I huddled myself upon the seat to wait his coming. I had been so ignominiously handled myself that the consciousness of the power I held over my sister's hireling elevated me almost to where I had stood in my own mind before the occurrence of this affair of the boil. Petty? Of course it was; naked human nature is a horrid thing to look at under the scourge of bodily afflictions.

I had sat there a moment and was just getting warm and comfortable under the robes, when I heard the coachman mount hurriedly to his seat. I began gathering myself to give him a surprise, when the carriage door was flung open by a rude hand, and a tall, muffled figure bounded in like some captured animal forced behind the bars by a keeper's lash.

In my surprise I sat passive; so might or might not you have been observed. Anyway, I got no greeting, and my informal friend was just settling himself into the seat opposite when, muttering in a voice, muffled by many wrappings, "I've forgotten the other case," he bounded to his feet and reopening the door, framed his lips for a peevish call to the driver. At least to be perfectly exact, that is what I think this intruder designed doing; but owing to certain circumstances I shall never know to an exact certainty, for at that moment there came a fierce, impatient crack of the whip, the horses bounded forward into the night, while I, well, I was dazed and bewildered. My jaw was still racking with the pain of the late operation, an uncomfortable sensation of localized blood in my head, my teeth, and when you add to this, my injured self love as well as my annoyance at the glaring insubordination of the driver, it would seem to me there was sufficient excuse for what followed. It is true, and I have never denied it, that the check-strap was at that moment within easy reach of my hand, and bloodless critics now claim that reason demanded I should pull it, stop the carriage, denounce the coachman, confront the intruder, and otherwise set the various items of the mystery in which I



"Well?" asked Brown curtly, at my elbow.

thought myself involved; but I scorn their logic.

As I have before explained, the city in which my sister lived was the fermenting state of growth; it was gorged with picked-up gold, and red-hazed with strife as to who should own it. I am a full-blooded person myself, and the suspicion that I was being made the victim of some masculity acted on me like a pleasing intoxicant. All seemed then explained; the temporary absence of the mysterious from his bay, the insolent freedom of the intruder—all pointed at once to a scoundrel down the road to dark suspicion. Acting on my first impulse, I sprang like a wounded hyena across the room, and had my companion by the throat, nor did I relax my grip upon the wretch's throat until the sudden flush of a street light revealed to me in the horror-stricken face peering at me above my rigid knuckles the ill-favored features of Doctor A., now twined about and darkly framed by a huge muffler, and twisted to dimensions than the one twisted about my swollen jaw.

It was like a sudden thunder clap, and though, when you considered the man's disposition and his unfortunate proximity, my throttling him like a common thief was an act for which there would be no explanation or excuse, I set in plain duty to let go and apologise. I did let go, but with what sickening result I will leave to your good record.

Remember, please, that the carriage door was still open, that Doctor A. was already half-way out, and that the horses were going at full speed. Remember also that the jerk that was needed—and the jerk came. For one instant I was conscious that a muffled explos

ever, but to go through with the farce I had begun. Very cautiously I arose, and, as I am a large person and the bed was a little affair, when I leaned down over it, all the time murmuring prayers for my soul's sake, I completely obscured its occupant from those behind me. Timidly and reverently I touched the small handkerchief and closed my strong fingers about it, with a clinging protection in the clasp I could not control, for I am a son of Adam. To my utter undoing, the eye, which had before remained closed, swiftly and cautiously opened, large and blue upon me. One hasty look of entreaty and appeal they sent down straight into my soul, while the fingers I had wrongly dropped pressed something into mine. The little eyes closed again, and I, with very little breath left in my body, stood gaping vacantly before me.

It seemed scarcely credible to me, now that so strange a thing could happen and that my truest vivid thought after a flash of delight at the beauty of the lady's eyes should be a bitter rage at those dreadful bandages of mine. All other considerations —the probable insanity of the patient; the wonder as to what she had forced upon me, were, for the moment, absorbed in frivolous regret that such eyes should have taken their first look at me whilst a red handkerchief was knotted about my head and my right eye glared upon her, swollen, inflamed, and inexpressive. My poor vanity! Again it bent beneath a heavy load to bear, and I had no desire in which to bind up the wounds. The situation was growing frightful. "Well?" asked Brown, curtly, at my elbow, and with a start I drew back and faced him. "Is there a table convenient," I asked, sharply, and then, as a sop to the impatience which I saw racked him, I explained condescendingly, "as I must prepare her a soothing draught. Her fever is running pretty high."

With that I snatched up the medicine case, which seemed to follow me about without any intelligent effort on my part, and made over to the corner of the room to which slow-footed Hoskins had ambled with a second lamp.

Evidently boiling with irritation, Brown flung himself into a chair beside the table so that, after ridding myself of the woman by sending her for a glass of water, I was able to swiftly and stealthily examine the small object which I still held just as my fingers had closed over it. That it was a piece of paper my sense of touch had already told me; but that it was a small, torn sheet of note paper covered with delicate writing done in pencil I could not have dreamed, but yet such it was. Covertly I began to examine this writing, so filled with girlish twirls and dashes as to present a pretty, but bewildering, outlook to a fatuous eye. In the meantime keeping my back turned upon Brown, who sat like some huge, watchful spider beside the dainty white bed, and holding the paper where I might, on a second's notice, crush it inside the medicine chest with which I was apparently fumbling. The letter began at once, without preamble:

"You doubtless have daughters of your own"—I shuddered abruptly at a feeling distinctly annoyed; but remembering the writer could not possibly have seen me before commencing her letter, I continued my reading with growing excitement—"and will know how to pity the poor girl now in the power of a horrid, mercenary man. I don't know what he has told you about me, but I know it isn't true. There is not a single thing the matter with me, but I took some of the drug which I found in a file to make something happen to me, so that they would send for a doctor. For I know doctors have to be respectable. I gave me a kind of feverish look and that is all. Now I am going to run away from this place tonight, this very night, without letting anyone know, for I can't stand it any longer. I must stop now, for Mrs. Hoskins is coming.

"P. S.—The dog is kept under my window, and, oh, yes, I can't trust MRS. H. "Disguise."

A second installment of this fascinating story will appear next week. The Ledger makes it possible for all who are cannot find free patterns to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

JOHN WARNE'S REVENGE.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street one winter's night. One of them was a well-preserved gentleman of perhaps 45 years, who looked as if he was used to ease and easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society.

The other was of another type of the same age, but there was something in his face, and a part of his appearance clinging to him, like that indescribable influence which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told you that the man whose eyes had been spent among bills and ledgers.

John Warne had received a polite and kind, poured out two glasses of wine from the glittering decanter and motioned John Warne, after the latter had by expressive and urgent invitation—to drink with him. And they drank together.

Then there was a long and painful pause. John Warfield was pale with whatever thoughts were at work in his bosom, and very pale. He was restless and paced to and fro for many minutes, while John Warne waited patiently for whatever was to be said.

Suddenly the merchant stopped before the clerk.

"You have sworn by your hope of heaven, by all that you hold binding upon your soul, to never reveal one word of the conversation that takes place between us tonight?"

"Yes," answered Warne, "I have sworn."

"There is no use in beating round the bush," cried Warfield, his hands working nervously and his face growing paler, as he were drawing nearer to something frightful. "I am on the brink of financial ruin, Warne—you know that."

"Yes," answered Warne.

"There is only one way out of it," said Warfield, ghastly white now.

"And that way?"

"Is death," answered the merchant, hoarsely.

"You don't mean to take your own life!" cried the clerk, starting for a moment out of his usual composure.

"Of course not," answered Warfield. "You know that my brother left a large fortune in his only child. She stands between me and that fortune today. If she were dead, I should come into possession of it immediately. Do you begin to understand, I think?"

"I think I do," answered the clerk, a trifle pale. "It is her death that you refer to?"

"Exactly, Warne. If she were to die, I am safe. She must be put out of the way. You must do it for me. For years I have been your friend, you know in the world, are you and I, knows who forged those drafts twenty-five years ago. No one but you and I will ever know. Catherine Dean died out of the world. I will give you $10,000 when the deed is done. Is it a bargain?"

"It is murder!" cried Warne, pale as death. "I can't do it. Get some one else."

"I can trust no one else," said Warfield, desperately. "There is no risk to run. She is at school with my daughter—not a private institution at the suburbs, fifty miles out of town. You can go down there, without being detected.

"She is there with your daughter, you say?"

Warne's voice sounded strange to himself, and far away. His face had lost some of its old color.

"Yes; it is a wild, lonely place. You will know her by her resemblance to my daughter. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain," answered John Warne, hoarsely, rising to his feet.

"The wine seems to have got into your head," laughed Warfield, grimly. "Will you have another glass, Warne?"

"No more, thank you," answered the old clerk.

"It isn't wine that has got into my head," Warfield; it is something else that has been there a long time. It has roused itself tonight. Is there anything more to be said between us?"

"No," answered Warfield. "You understand my wishes; be careful, Warne, and sure!"

"Good night" and the clerk bowed himself out.

"Revenge is sweet, they say!" he whispered, in the cab on the head of his way so. Oh, John Warfield, I have waited for something—I hardly knew what—for years. Now I know. It is for this opportunity as this."

It was a wild day. The waves screamed in mad glee against the cruel rocks, and the sky was like a pall. The gulls circled in the air, with discordant cries, crying harshly and discordantly.

"I am glad," she will come!"

The man who whispered this query to the winds peered out from behind the rock where he was hidden. No, another face, and my message, I know. Poor fool! She thinks she is going to meet her lover, but she will meet death!"

John Warne shivered. It might have been with cold, but it was not. It was with horror. But he thought of revenge, and his face became rigid with cruel hate.

She came presently; he saw her coming down the sandy shore, with the wind blowing her cloak about her face, and an expectant look in her eyes. The sight of her beauty seemed to turn him to stone. Much of what he was there to do struck him to the heart with a sudden, sharp pain, like physical suffering. But the next time he looked came between him and the sight of her, and crushed every vestige of pity out of his heart.

She passed the rock without seeing him. He sprang out and overtook her. He threw her cloak over her head with a sudden movement, and bore her down with terror her mouth before she could cry out; the folds of it pinioned her arms like cords.

He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and with a strength given to the fiend he imprisoned her so securely, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held here there. There was a long, fierce struggle for life and liberty, but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be broken. It was death to her, it was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting body back to the shore and dropped it on the wet sands.

He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world forever, but strode away toward the city, and never said an oath or cast on the face of the earth forever more. Death he had had his revenge.

"A telegram, sir."

John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read:

"We have bad news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately."

He threw down the paper with a frown without looking at the signature.

Half an hour later the northward-bound train bore him out of the city.

An hour after that he was standing at the door of the house of Madame Demoiselles, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their school life. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill, gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting with a pale and frightened face for—what?

A hurry of footsteps in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white, tear-stained face.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, and burst into tears.

The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

"I—I thought it was you!" he cried hoarsely, at last. "Where is Cecile?"

He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain.

"She is in the parlor," the girl answered, sobbing. "Do you want to see her now?"

He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling around and around, and he was trying to stop it.

"No—I must be a little—a little—as if he hardly knew what he was saying. "Cecile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?"

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"Oh, Uncle John!" cried Catharine Oran, with a great sob, "Don't you know? Cecile is dead!"

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, for he intended to fall with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor.

That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands:

"I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. You had no mercy for your victim; I have had none for mine. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been living for. You will know that I made no mistake in doing was. I have done for that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete."

Today John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and today John Warne is a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain, for him there is no rest here nor hereafter.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS

Weak Kidneys Caused by Over-work, by Lifting or a Strain.

To Prove What Swamp-Root the Wonderful New Discovery will do for You, Every Reader of Chicago Ledger May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Now by this is not meant that you should overlook all the other organs and merely look after the kidneys.

Your other organs may need attention---but your kidneys most, because they do most.

If you are sick, begin taking Swamp Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well, they will help all the other organs to health.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy sent free by mail postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, and urinary troubles, obliged to pass water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, constant headache, backache, loss of flesh, sleeplessness, dizziness, indigestion, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, skin trouble, Bright's disease, neuralgia, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skilful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that science has ever been able to compound.

If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you, by mail immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonials from grateful people from sufferers cured.

Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle and to be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the Chicago Ledger, when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

Practical Knowledge.

One never knows where a piece of practical information will come into play. The whole rule is never to neglect an opportunity to learn an art of a science, lest at some time or other we should find ourselves wrestly in need of it. An interesting story from Good Cheer emphasizes this lesson.

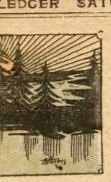
At Cornell university all the students of mechanical engineering are obliged to learn seven trades. One of these, that of the blacksmith, is very distasteful to some young men, but it has to be learned, nevertheless. One young fellow, who was averse to soiling his hands, begged to be exempted from wearing the leathern apron, but the professor took special care that nothing was lacking in the thoroughness of his training at the forge.

Last fall that student went to the professor and thanked him for compelling him to learn the blacksmith trade.

"You see," he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine 'way back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke, and there was no one in the mine except myself who could weld it.

"I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it, I should have been obliged to yank that shaft over the mountains, and the mine would have had to shut down. I got back to work so quickly that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the manager—my salary."

START FOR YOURSELF.



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tlemly, after waiting for a few moments. "I have been robbed," faltered the girl.

"Pocket picked?" demanded the other.

In trembling, eager tones, Ella recounted the story of her loss.

"Can you describe the youngster?" asked the officer.

Ella did so to the best of her ability.

"It's Cooney, all right enough," said the officer, as Ella concluded. "We may be able to pick him up before night, but you will lose your hand bag. Did it contain anything valuable?"

"My money, my jewels," sobbed the wretched girl.

"Well, it was the cool reply, "you ought to have had more sense than to trust the youngster with your bag. Every one has to look out for himself in Chicago, as you will discover if you remain here long. Broke, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" sobbed the girl. "I mean," laughed the officer, "if you have any money left."

"I am afraid not, sir."

"Then you would better go to the annex at Harrison street and remain until you can communicate with your friends. You are a stranger here, I see, and much too pretty to be wandering about the streets alone. Shall I show you the way?"

Her friends! Oh, the mockery of it! In all the world there was no living soul to whom she might justly apply for aid! There, in an alarming manner, loomed in by massive mouth structures of steel and stone, crowded with humanity, the which did not seem to be a part of her own, far from the shady walks and sunny fields of dear old Horton house, as far as it eternally from the hurly of the world from the old luxurious life there in the golden country, there she realized it all.

"Come," said the officer, "I have no time to waste here."

"If you please," said the girl, "I had rather not go to the station. If you will show me the way to some cheap boarding house, perhaps I can convince them of my honesty until I can receive some money."

"You may do as you choose," was the reply, "but I'm afraid you'll have a rocky time here without money. Well, if you get tired of it come to the station and ask for Detective Burbanks. Can you remember the name?"

"I think so."

"Don't forget, then, my girl. Good day."

"But the boarding house! You might show me the way."

"Forgot that," laughed the officer. "Well, I'm going up town, and you can walk along with me."

The officer snailly stopped at the corner of State and Washington streets.

"There," he said, "go straight west on this street, and you will find plenty of boarding houses. Be careful, though, what sort of places you go into. You have a valuable diamond pin there on your scarf."

The officer pursued his way and Ella, left to herself on Washington street, crossed the bridge, and, out in the vicinity of May street, knocked at the door of a three-story building of red brick upon the front of which a "boarding" sign was displayed. There was no response to her timid knock, but presently a well-dressed man, with a hard, crafty face, came out of the door and passed down the steps. As he reached the pavement he turned his head and saw the girl knocking again.

"Pull the bell," he shouted, and dashed off as if his life depended upon the rate of speed with which he traversed the street.

Ella, after some difficulty, found the bell-pull and in a short time the door was opened and a keen-eyed woman of perhaps sixty years of age stood before her.

"Did you ring?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes," replied Ella, pointing to the sign which had attracted her attention.

The hard eyes of the woman brightened and she surveyed the fine girl steadfastly from head to foot, gloating over her rich dress and the fine diamond at her throat.

"You want board, do you?" she asked, in a voice intended to be conciliating, but which sounded harsh and masculine to the listener.

"Yes," was the simple reply.

"Well," said the woman, "we hardly ever take in girls, they're such a nuisance, but you appear to be neat and respectable, and I don't mind one girl in the house. If we can agree upon terms and you won't want to wash and iron in your room."

"I shall make you very little trouble," said Ella. "I must work, and I shall probably be away all day."

"The landlady came first.

"Oh, you work, do you?" she asked. "Where, may I ask?"

"I have accepted a place yet," was the reply, "but I must do so at once, for I was robbed on my way from the depot, and—"

The girl hesitated, frightened at the fierce look on the face of the woman. By this time both were in the gaudily-furnished parlor of the boarding house.

"What!" she cried, "are taking my time, if you've no money?" she demanded. "Do you think I care for boarders who have no money?"

Again she fixed her eyes eagerly on the diamond which the girl wore. It seemed to possess a fascination for her.

"But I must stay somewhere, and I have no friends in the city," pleaded Ella, "and I hope you will allow me to remain here until I can find something to do."

"What can you do?" asked the other, blinking her wicked old eyes.

Ella faltered. What, indeed, could she do when it came to the hard commercial proposition of exchanging her services for money? She trembled out that she could sing music, French, fancy work, anything to make her way honestly. And the woman saw that a little innocent she had to deal with and came to a quick decision, a decision so satisfactory to herself that she even smiled as she proceeded to carry it out.

CHAPTER VI.

WOLF AND LAMB.

"Well," said the old woman, trying to look benevolent, "I had a warm spot in my heart for poor young girls who aren't got my friends, an' I make no question whether it's their fault that they're askin' strangers to help 'em or not, glancing sharply into the face of the girl to read her inmost secret there, "but I'm a poor old woman, an' rent is high, an' vittles is dear, an' so I has to be careful. If you could secure me in some way, now, I might take ye in for a day or two."

Ella felt instinctively that the bleak eyes of the old hag were fixed covetously upon the dimond pin to which the detective had called her attention, and she wished herself well out of the place. The pin was a present from a dear friend who had since died, and she did not want to part with it, even for a short time.

"My what a pretty pin!"

"I have nothing to give you as security," she faltered, turning toward the door, "and I think I'd better go."

But it was not the purpose of the old woman to lose her prize so easily. She stepped between her and the door.

"Now, you may stay," she said. "You look honest enough, I'm sure, an' you're so pretty that you're sure to get a good job. My, what a pretty pin!"

Before the girl could prevent her—and, to tell the truth, he was so frightened than she made little effort to do so—the woman had taken the diamond pin from Ella's scarf and was holding it up to the light.

"It was a present," said the girl, reaching out one trembling hand, "please give it to me."

"Ain't let some one rob you of it, an' have my house brought into trouble with the police?" almost shouted the woman. "No, miss, it's one of the rules of the house that valuables has to be left with the clerk, but as the clerk ain't here, I'll take charge of it myself."

"Perhaps I'd better take it and go," suggested Ella, for she was afraid that she want to make you any trouble."

"I'll look out for my own little part of it," said the woman, Mrs. MacGinn by name, as she pinned the diamond over her own flat bosom. "You stay here, now. Now, you can go to your room and get ready for lunch. My boarders mostly gets their lunches down town, so we don't make no spread at noon, but I guess I can find you something to eat as has dinner at half-past six."

Faint with fatigue and sick at heart, the poor girl followed the old hag up two flights of dirty stairs, through stuffy halls, half-lighted with smoking kerosene lamps, stinking from the rising odors of the floors below and the jumbled sleeping rooms on either side, and carrying the burned-out smell of air in which turned-down oil lamps are burning. At the top of the house she was shown into a rear hall bed room just large enough for a single bed and a chair. The floor was partly covered with scraps of filthy rag carpet, the ceiling was streaked and spotted with smoke-stained water which had dripped through a defective roof, and the sooty paper was peeling from the walls in great squares. The window-panes, which looked out on a tin roof and beyond upon a tangle of other roofs and alleys, were thick with dust and cobwebs.

"There," said the woman, "you can make yerself to home here. There's a wash basin and a towel under the bed, an' the boarders mostly furnish their own combs an' soap. I'll call you when lunch is ready."

As soon as the woman disappeared, Ella threw herself upon the miserable bed in utter misery and despair. Ah, the dear old room at Horton house! The spreading landscape, the fragrant air, the kindly faces and loving words! The freedom from care and restraint! How kind they had all been to her until John Mortimer had come into her life! And Maurice! She wondered, in a dumb, hopeless way, what they were doing at home then, and if they cared very much because she had left them without bidding parting even a word, for, if Maurice was trying to discover her whereabouts. Then, worn out by travel and grief, the poor girl fell into a troubled sleep, from which she did not awake until evening. Then she found the old woman bending over her, seemingly searching for something.

She sprang to her feet with a little cry of alarm.

"Don't get skeered, honey," said the woman, "I just come up to see if you wasn't sick or something. Dinner's over, but if you care to come down I guess I can find you something to eat."

Ella made the best toilet possible under the circumstances and descended to the dining room with the old hag. This apartment was not in better repair than the sleeping room which has already been described, and the greasy, crumb-littered tablecloth and the general disorder, to say nothing of the rancid odors from the kitchen, completely destroyed what little desire for food the girl might have had. She took her seat at the table, however, and drank a cup of tea, thankful that she was alone in the room.

As she arose, however, the young man she had seen at the door upon her arrival came rushing into the apartment. He was without coat or vest, and a long blue tie was hanging from his neck.

"Mother!" he bawled, "I can't get this confounded tie right. Come and fix it!"

In a moment Mrs. MacGinn made her appearance from the kitchen, her face spotted with flour and her hands evidently just from the dough pan.

"You'll have to wait until I git my hands out of the mixin'," she said. "Sit down and talk with the new boarder, Mr. Jones. Why, I don't believe you told me your name, miss?"

Ella, blushing and trembling at the deception, gave her name was Roberts, whereupon the old woman eyed her suspiciously, as if her worldly old brain had already figured out the mysterious falsehood.

"Well," she said, "this is my son, Clarence. Hope you'll be good friends."

Clarence was too busy just then rolling a cigarette to acknowledge this rather formal introduction, and Ella nodded coldly. He was one of the blandly wicked youths of the period. His face was of a sickly pallor, and covered with small eruptions; his small eyes were of no settled hue, and there was a faint touch of red about his turn-up nose. His hair was of the color of sun-bleached hay, and was worn long and parted in the middle. He wore a small cap perched lightly on the top of his head and his hair bunched out underneath the fore-piece in carefully arranged disorder. When he walked he threw his shoulders back a trifle and swaggered. When he talked it was in a loud, boisterous tone. As he completed his cigarette presently, and then glanced up at the girl, impudently at first, then intently and admiringly.

"S-a-a-y, mother?" he bawled out, "where did you pick her up? She's a peach, she is."

(Continued from page eleven.)

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW NEAR AT HAND.

Would it have been a wonder if Markham had lost his head before the desperate woman who lived him in the library at River View and threatened to take her secrets to the courts? She had come to his estate for a purpose, and he could see by her actions that she meant every word she said.

The room alone, and the ugliness of the face which he had summoned his courage did at his finger ends and he sank back into the chair.

Lucky Blair made no pretense of honesty. She saw only the future of her child and that drove her to desperation. Therefore, she confronted Quincy Markham with the mien of a she wolf driven to a corner in the fight for life.

On the other hand Markham saw that Captain Velvet, the paid detective, had failed to accomplish his mission. There was time yet, but he did not know what the next few hours might bring forth. Should he yield to this woman? If he did would it not only be the opening of the door to more of his wealth? The entering wedge to a still greater triumph on her part?

Perplexed, driven almost to the wall himself, the millionaire did not know what to do.

He looked up into the woman's face as he thrust that query, but she stood immovable.

"You want cash, you say, cash to educate your child?" he said.

"That's it."

"Five thousand you said, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And you will come to me no more?"

"I will not."

"You have said that you can produce Condon Powers."

"I can produce him."

"I never expected such a scene as this," continued Markham. "I never expected that you would turn on me, Lucy."

"Time alters cases. I am desperate."

"Let me educate your child."

Lucy Blair leaned forward and all color left her face as her eyes seemed to flash.

"Let you educate my child!" she cried. "What! let you, whose hands are doubly red, take care of her? Never! What do you think I am, Quincy Markham?"

He winced under her looks and words, but did not answer her.

In another moment he had wheeled his chair round to the desk and taken therefrom his check book.

"Wouldn't it be better to give me the cash?" suggested the woman with a side glance at the steel safe.

"Perhaps it would."

"I don't want any dealings with the banks."

He smiled a little and went over to the desk which he opened. From the drawer back he carried a roll of bills in his hand. She watched him narrowly as he counted out the notes and recounted them herself when they had been committed to her care.

"Good," said the woman, withdrawing to the door. "You don't want a receipt, I guess?"

"No. Remember your promise. If you cross my path again it won't be pleasant for you."

"Did you threaten me?" she laughed. "very well. You have seen the last of Lucy Blair."

Perhaps the nabob thought so, at any rate when she had slipped from the mansion he settled back into a chair with a serene smile on his countenance.

He heard her shut the door gently and then went to the window. The light invaded the lawn in front of the mansion and for a moment he saw a black figure there; then it vanished and the woman was gone.

As for Lucy Blair, she hugged her ill-gotten gains to her heart and glided away.

The look of a triumphant demon was in her eyes, and she muttered incoherently as she slipped through the grass toward the railway station.

Suddenly there sprang out from behind a cedar a figure that landed at the woman's side and a hand grasped her slender arm.

With a startling cry she turned and looked into the face that confronted her.

Face to face they stood, the man and woman, so close that their breaths met.

Lucy Blair glared at the man till her teeth seemed to grind, but she did not speak.

"You robbed him, didn't you?" said the man who was rather tall and whose face was well covered with a grayish beard.

"What is that to you?"

"A good deal. You stood by him years ago, but now when you want money you go to him and play the blackmailer's game."

"It is not blackmail."

"What is it, pray?"

"A case of necessity. I am in desperate straits. You know me, Condon—"

"Three! that will do. I see you know me. You know now that the fire in Houston did not consume the poor wretch who was there in the shadow of the house. You know that I am living, and you read through your wiles and the man's yonder."

"I have known for years that you live."

"Ah!"

"I knew that the bones found in the old jail were not yours."

"You are right. The poor negro wretch who crawled into the jail that night without the knowledge of the jailer was the victim of the fire's victim, not I. You would not come forward and save; but instead said that you could not."

"I was under a hypnotic power. I was bound hands and foot, helpless, and I—I—remained so."

The man showed his teeth in a malicious grin.

"I'm very nice to say that now, after all these years," he hissed.

"God grant I am saying it before."

"That's nice, too, Lucy, and I hope He will. But you have some of his money. You promised to keep hands off tonight."

"For Ethel's sake."

"Your child, eh?"

"My only child—the one thing I love in this world. Without her life would not be worth living. I would go to the devil were she taken from me."

"I appreciate the situation, but what is to become of me, Condon Powers? You remember that I, too, had an offspring. If she were living now she would could her a fallen daughter—"

"Do you know that she is dead?" asked Lucy.

Condon Powers drew back like a man suddenly confronted by unpleasantness.

"I've seen a good many things you don't dream of, though you have the brain of a fiend, Lucy," he said. "You are a blackmailer for the money he gave you tonight."

"I intended to do away of the kind."

"Very well, to your way then, but remember that I may need you soon."

"As a witness?"

"Perhaps."

"No, no! Here! take the wealth I got from him and spare me that," and the hand of the woman sought the hidden bills. "Take all I've got, but spare me that remaining."

"I wouldn't touch a dollar of his wealth for the universe" cried the man. "I am the innocent wronged one, Quincy Markham will find him out, no matter to what heights he rises, nor how much of a money king he becomes. Heavens only knows what I have suffered and to what depths I have sunk since the crime by the roadside—the celebrated 'Cattle King Tragedy' of the old south. But go! I know where to find you when needed. Be sure you don't escape me, Lucy Blair."

Condon Powers pushed her away.

"Any one can have my secret" and she pointed toward the mansion as she spoke.

"Not just now, but I have it in hand. The waves have given up their prey and the fire could not destroy the innocent. Go! Educate your child, but never forget to love her mother's downfall and her guilty secret."

"I pray that she may die first!" and with this Lucy Blair sprang away and vanished.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAWK AND HER VICTIM.

Parke Wetherell, the young lawyer, after his exciting interview with Markham in the latter's private office, left the mansion as Nixon came what may.

He did not know just where to begin, but he thought of going up to River View during the millionaire's absence and pumping Marie, the maid.

He might have carried out this half-formed plan if the mails had not brought him a letter, the superscription of which he recognized.

Hastily opening it he found that it came from Nixon Hemell, who in a few brief lines acquainted him of her flight and said that she had found a safe asylum in the city.

Wetherell read it at this and hastened to the address given where he met the fair fugitive.

The lovers were left alone by Lucy Blair and for an hour they remained so.

When Wetherell came out of the parlor with the white faced and beautiful girl at his side he looked a strange admixture of pride and wrath.

"You do well perhaps not to disclose the secrets whose discovery drove you from River View," he said to Nixon. "I shall not attempt to deprive you of them; but they must come out some time."

"I believe that, and yet I fear the disclosure," was the reply. "I now believe that I am not Markham's daughter, but whose child am I?"

"Keep a stout heart in your bosom and let time reveal all the truth." was the young lawyer's answer.

"I am nearly convinced that Lucy knows the truth; but I have not the heart to ask her for it. She's a strange woman whose whole future seems wrapped up in her child whom she would educate—"

Nixon paused abruptly for the footsteps of Lucy Blair came to his ear and in another moment the woman from the south stood before the pair.

"You are going away, Mr. Wetherell?" inquired Lucy.

"For a time, yes. I want to thank you for giving Miss Markham an asylum. It was very clever of you. I trust I shall be able in some manner to repay your kindness."

"Never mind that; I'm paid already," was the response. "You will know where to find Nixon whenever you want to see her. True, her home may not always be in this house, but for the present she will remain with me."

Lucy spoke with a good deal of confidence and at the same time she shot a quick glance toward Nixon who looked slightly.

"This is not the best home in the world—not as fine as the next she has lately left," continued the woman. "But here she is safe for I will defend and guard her."

"Again I thank you," said Wetherell, as he bade both Nixon and Lucy good-by and passed from the house.

He did not know that his movements had been observed; he was not aware that keen eyes had seen him enter the house, nor that they followed him till he was out of sight.

Captain Velvet, the private detective, was on hand, and when Wetherell had vanished he glided toward the house where once before he had met with defeat.

But this time he did not enter, for he did not even knock; but suddenly turned away and left the place to itself.

Lucy Blair came back safely to the city from her expedition to River View.

Her face had lost some of its paleness and a slight flush had taken possession of it.

She found Mamie alone, but passed quickly to her room upstairs and locked the door.

In a few moments she descended so disguised that she no longer resembled her real self.

Half an hour later she turned up in another part of the city where she stood face to face with a matronly looking woman.

"I've brought you the money," said she, taking a roll of bills from her pocket without ceremony. "Here is the amount agreed on. Here is enough to educate my child. You will take care of both—Ethel and the money. The five hundred dollars will fit her for the world, and for as schooling goes, and when she is so fitted you will turn the rest over to her."

"You've made a handsome raise," said the astonished listener as Lucy ran over the bills.

"Did you—"

"Don't ask me any questions, Miss Gilbert. You know your duties."

"Yes, I will fulfill them to the letter. I will invest a little of this money for Ethel. I know a rich man who knows all the ways to get more than five hundred. Small steal. He has invested some of my savings at different times and has never failed. Mr. Quincy Markham—"

Lucy interrupted her companion with a cry that frightened Miss Gilbert.

"I don't want that man to touch a dollar of my child's money!" she cried. "Am I never to get rid of that accursed name? Must I hear of him wherever I go and have the past brought back to me in all its hideousness?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blair, I'm sure I did not intend to do so. I merely mentioned that my friend, Mr. Markham—"

"There! let us ignore him. He may invest some of your savings, but Ethel's inheritance he shall never touch; I'd send my child to the prison first!"

Lucy Blair's manner was terrible to look upon.

Miss Gilbert seemed to shrink within herself as she heard and no more did she refer to the millionaire. Evidently a mere mention invoked her patron and turn in the twinkling of an eye into a demoness.

The money was taken, Lucy Blair keeping back not a single penny of the five thousand, and in a few moments the women from Tennessee was gone.

She did not go back home.

On the contrary she went in another direction and did not stop until she entered one of the city parks where she seated herself on a settee in a secluded spot and lapsed into silence.

Once again she was watched.

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The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the affected parts, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 24 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, will bring that free package of these free trial packages will be mailed with prompt return. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easily it is cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

FINE RINGS FREE.

Enclose slip of paper showing number of ring wanted.

We give every reader of this paper the choice of any two rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free. Ring No. 1 is a massive Tiffany style, set with a fine diamond of the finest quality, guaranteed perfect and brilliant. Ring No. 2 is a massive Tiffany style, eight claws to hold stone. The ring is a beauty and has a rich appearance. Ring No. 3 is a regular two hand engraved ring, 14k gold filled, warranted to wear 20 years. Ring No. 4 has two Amethyst diamonds and two emeralds, and is very handsome. Ring No. 5 is a fine 14k gold filled ring, set with Amethyst, Emerald or ruby, and is warranted to remain gold style. Ring No. 6 is a very stylish design, the stone is set in the center as shown in the engraving, the whole setting is what is called Tiffany or cluster style. The ring is a 14k gold filled ring and is a perfect imitation of a $150.00 ring. Ring No. 7 is a solid gold, hand engraved ring. You see similar ones sold in jewelry stores for $5.00 upwards. Ring No. 8 is set with small "Andes" diamond in center and four ruby brilliant stones around it. It is a beautiful ring and is very popular.

We give two of these rings absolutely free to our subscribers. All we require is that you send in 25 cents for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will make you an offer of the two rings you select in order to advertise our popular family paper. We know that if we can get you to read the paper for a year you will continue for it is filled with the best and most fascinating literature, money back if not more than once can buy. It will contain during the year stories from the great detective writer, Conan Doyle, and romance by the popular writer Bessie Marr and juvenile stories by Frank Verbeck. Each issue will contain stories of adventure, travel, discovery, humorous sketches, in fact a well conducted interesting literature which will be fully carried on by the world's greatest authors. Remember this is a beautiful ring and is very popular. Simply every hour and therefore make the most liberal offer ever promised to the readers of any paper. Simply send us the 25 cents and the number of the ring you select and state exactly which two of the rings you desire. On receipt of your letter we will at once enter subscription for a year and send the rings postpaid to your address. If you are already a subscriber we will add the cash, and the subscription will commence when the present subscription expires. Address BOYCE'S MONTHLY, RING DEPARTMENT, 1 BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

We Don't Want Your Money

Until you see it. We will send you our SPECIAL OFFER FOR 30 DAYS: Solid Oak Parlor Suit for $5.00, complete with springs, base, Violin box, instruction book and music; fine bass, perfect in tone, size model never equalled. A Great Bargain, model of beauty, perfect in finish, made of beautiful oiled figured oak, carved scroll head, upholstered finger board, position dots, perfect in finish. Guitar No. 8 only $2.00, nicely boxed. $10.00 Guitar for $5.00, a splendid well built, standard size, mahogany finish, imitation cedar neck, position dots, rosewood bridge, full size, fully guaranteed, nicely boxed. $15.00 Mandolin for $8.50, nickel steel, well lined, cherry finished neck, 24 nickel frets, position, inlaid pearl dots, 9 inch full bowl, complete, nicely boxed. Any of the above instruments sent C. O. D. upon the receipt of $1 cash as evidence of good faith. THE REST MAY BE SENT C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine the goods at the express office and receive as money to us. Complete catalogue of Organs, Pianos, Graphophones, Gramophones and Musical Merchandise sent free. Dept. 1-15. VICTOR MFG. CO., 181 to 187 Plymouth Pl., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

By merest accident Captain Velvet had caught sight of the woman and had followed her like a ferret.

His keen eye had penetrated her disguise and the more he watched her the more he felt that she was now in his power.

Lucy looked tired. Her overstrung nerves had not recruited their lost powers, and she seemed entirely oblivious to her surroundings.

The private detective crept nearer till but a few yards separated them.

He caught sight of the plain ring that glittered on the woman's finger and he recalled his promise to Markham.

At last he hovered over the half-conscious woman like a hawk.

Not more than a yard separated them now.

The active brain of the city sleuth worked fast.

He had but to pounce upon the unsuspecting woman, snatch the ring from her finger and make off with it.

It would be but the work of a moment.

No one saw him, that is, he thought he was unseen, for he had taken precautions to look around and see that no one was in sight.

All at once the eagle swooped.

Captain Velvet fell upon Lucy Blair like a thunderbolt from the cloudless ether, his hands gripped her wrists and he was pressed against the back of the settee before she knew of his presence.

The device did not speak. Fortunately for him the woman had chosen the most secluded corner of the little park and there were no pedestrians threading it just then.

Lucy tried to spring up, but the man's hands held her down.

She felt his fingers tearing at her ring—her wedding bauble, which marked the only happy days she had ever known.

"No! no! not that!" she cried.

But in vain. The ring was almost off her finger; it had been forced over the first joint when some one sprang to the rescue.

Captain Velvet was wrenched from his victim and sent sprawling on the grass by a terrific blow.

Lucy Blair sprang up and looked at her friend.

"Condon Powers!" she exclaimed. "Is it thus you repay my treachery? I am yours from this time on. What would you have me do?"

"Follow me. The hour has arrived" was the reply.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CARRIED CASE.

The night was as dark as Erebus.

Not a star lit up the vast expanse of heaven and nothing disclosed the fact that the waters as they swept past the sleeping city, save now and then the flash of the patrol boat's lanterns and the momentary glare of the furnaces in the crimson eyes.

The train shot out this Stygian gloom on its way to the city bore Quincy Markham when he should have been at home.

He had gone to River View after the work of the day, after his dealings with the bulls and bears of Wall street, but something was brimming him back.

A night trip to the city was unusual with him.

Something of more than passing import was taking him back to the spot where he had made his wealth, where for more than twenty years he had been a financial pillar among the rich, and where men had respected him for his acumen and riches.

Yes, the man whose adventures we have followed for some time was coming back—for the last time.

Nothing indicated that he was excited.

He looked more like a man who had just won a triumph and was coming back to enjoy it—he makes a night of it, an it were.

He hurried from the railway station as quickly as possible.

No one seemed to see him.

He did not go to his private office this time.

One of the gentlemen in the lobby he had glanced over a letter which he took from an inner pocket.

He had read this carefully only to put it back again.

The great city swallowed him up as it had swallowed many before his time.

He turned up half an hour after quitting the depot in a part of Gotham where he was not very well known.

He rang the bell of an unpretentious house and inquired of the person who opened it if "Mr. Dupont" was at home.

"I want a private apartment on the second floor, right," said Markham, explanatorily.

"Oh, yes, I remember, walk right up," was the response and the millionaire climbed the stairs.

At the top of the flight he took a knife with a long, slim blade and hid it along his arm on the inside of his sleeve.

Then he took a derringer from his pocket and then he opened the door which he had reached.

A strange mission this for a millionaire.

It was near midnight and he was quite alone.

Beyond the door, though, he knew he saw a lighted room and apparently untenanted.

Markham entered it and looked around.

Then he saw that the apartment was occupied.

A man who stood at a table near one side of the room seemed to be waiting for him.

"Well, you've received my letter, my letter would fetch you," said this person who was little of figure and good looking with a clean, smooth face, "I thought, too, that I would never again have a name among men. For years you have lived in financial security. You have made money hand over fist. Things have come your way financially with trooping vengeance. You have been ridden to success on the backs [illegible] of small speculators, of poor men and women. You are a nabob among nabobs. Did you ever dream of an unpleasant existence?"

"I never concerned myself much about you," said Markham.

"Of course not. You were too busily engaged making money. You did not have to think often of the poor people to whom you had failed to place in jeopardy in Tennessee. Not content with getting rich as a cotton baron, to help you, you came back to see me hanged. That was clever in you, Markham. Condon Powers lost his hat that night when he heard you coming back down that by-road and you picked it up and placed it on Colonel Franklin, the murdered cattle buyer. It was a clever trick; it was the circumstantial evidence that would have settled my hash, and any jury would were far sighted that night. You would have orphaned my child—indeed, you thought you had—but "vengeance is mine" saith the Lord—and Condon Powers!"

All this time Markham felt the knife growing her hot along his arm.

With his eyes he measured the distance between him and the dead who had come to life.

He recalled the struggle in the library when he had grappled with the person to the floor for dead and afterward tossed him into the river.

They were alone.

He had the letter which had decoyed him from Boston in his pocket to prove it.

This time if he got the upper hand there should be no mistake.

He thought of the bottle all.

"My child lives!" suddenly continued Powers. "Some one has come to her aid and struck her trail and I have clung to it ever since."

"Where is she?" curiously asked Markham, as he took a step nearer the other toward the foe.

"Never mind that; she lives! You are not ignorant of that fact. You have been at times kind to her."

"I?"

"Come! No falsehoods," cried Condon Powers. "You know that, Quincy Markham. And I am the avenger of the past. I have lived for this hour. A man the man whom you condemned to the gallows and whom the fire spared. Your paid detectives (Dengler) had robbed me of the little box filched from your library a few nights ago; but he only robbed the ex-sheriff of Houston, a broken down wretch who came north with me and whom I have supported. He knows that I am dead."

"The ex-sheriff!" echoed Markham.

"Do you want to go back to Houston?"

"No. What do you want?"

Condon Powers laughed.

"Just as if you didn't know! could buy me off; just as if I were Lucy Blair the suborned witness! Now, sir, you are free."

The last word startled the millionaire.

Free with that man, that man-hunter before him? Impossible!

"You are free," repeated Powers. "Yonder is the door. But you certainly know what to do and where to do it. I will call at your office at 9 tomorrow. The private door will be locked; but you will be there."

"I—I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do. You comprehend fully. You know how to write a confession and how to make restitution. That's all. You are free now."

Powers stepped back and folded his arms.

There was no getting at this cool avenger.

"You've got a knife along your arm," the man from Tennessee continued. "You thought you would get a chance to use it. But you can't use it here. Good-night, Markham. Go to your office. I will call tomorrow and you will be there, or not back to Houston you go at once."

The millionaire's face lost its last vestige of color.

He stepped and looked toward the door.

"Go," he said. "I will take it tomorrow. It shall be as you make it," said Powers.

"You are right. I will make it exciting."

That was all.

In another moment the man from the south was the sole occupant of the little room.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION.

Morning broke over the great city.

The sleepy world of the streets resumed their crime and traffic.

The fleet sailed in the bay as if the cold waters hid no crime and all was fair there.

Higher and higher crept the golden luminary, gilding the spires and dome and then spotting the dark alleys with light.

"Are you going to bed now?" asked a woman who stood in a man rise from a chair in a small room remote from Wall street.

"Yes, Dengler, I am going."

"Do you expect to find him there?"

"Why not? He knows no alternative to confession. Lucy Markham, the nabob, will be in his private den. I will arrange to be there in time. I don't want to disappoint him, you see."

"You won't disturb Ninon, then?"

"Not now. Let her sleep. When I return she will accept or reject the father she has not seen for years. You will doubtless be here for the scene."

"I will do that, Condon Powers. It will be a rare treat for me, and I will at the same time ask the girl's forgiveness."

Condon Powers turned from Lucy Blair's home and soon lost himself in the labyrinth of streets.

In due time he turned into Wall street from Broadway and with the tower of old Trinity for above him walked directly to Quincy Markham's office.

He was a little ahead of time; but on this occasion that was necessary.

A clerk in the outer office stepped forward to inquire his business and to say that the cashier had not yet arrived in the city yet; but Condon Powers brushed him aside.

The man from Tennessee was entitled to the office devoted to private affairs and found it locked.

The clerk looked at the "Interloper," but said nothing.

Condon asked for a key that would unlock the door.

"Are you an officer?" asked the clerk.

"I am Condon Powers; that's enough. You can open the door for me, I guess."

Cowed by the men of the cool-head, the clerk smothered his anger and turned a key in the door.

"You need not enter with me," said Powers. "I'll call you when I want you."

The stranger man stepped into the private office and shut the door behind him; but almost immediately opened and beckoned to the clerk.

The half crazed fellow ran forward, but stopped at the threshold and grew white.

Quincy Markham leaned back in his office chair with the whiteness of death.

A few signs of disorder were visible and under the green glass paper weight on the desk appeared a letter.

"He is dead," coolly said Condon Powers. "He came here last night, did his duty and died like a coward."

"Did his duty, sir?" What—"

"See what the paper under holds down," said Powers.

The clerk with a shiver stepped past the dead and lifted the glass weight.

"What is the first paper?"

The clerk opened it and read:

"The confession of Quincy Markham, told in the shadow of the dead. In his right mind."

"Very well. The next paper."

"It is his will."

"Read that. You see there's a revolver lying on the floor just as it fell from his hand," remarked Powers, calling the stupified clerk's attention to the weapon. "It's suicide, sir, and Webster said once that suicide is confession enough. Read that will, that written confession on his desk, for I am the living proof that the dead come to life again; but he vanished from the sight of Quincy Markham the millionaire, was also a murderer."

"A will?"

"You heard me. I am Condon Powers. I gave him his choice last night, this or the scaffold. He chose this. Read the confession over; you like, I will be on hand when wanted. Good day. Please don't disturb those papers on the desk."

Condon Powers walked out of the office leaving the speechless underling with the guilty dead.

The sun rose higher and higher.

The first edition of the afternoon papers shocked the entire city with "The Wall Street Horror."

The financial market had a little flurry; but that was all.

The man who sat dead in his chair could not shatter nor break the backbone of speculation.

But he could write his confession, the terrible crime in the decalogue, could tell in cold-blooded language how he had killed the cattle buyer in a premeditated way in Tennessee and how he had helped to fasten the crime on a poor wretch named Condon Powers.

That confession was a cool and calculating document from the hand of the murderer of the man arrested for the Tennessee crime had fallen into his hands and been raised on his own; how he had suspected the man was not his (Markham's) offspring, and how he had loved her.

One could take the last statement with a grain of allowance; and thousands did.

With the ink hardly dry on the confession the self-accused man had taken his own life while the city slept.

Then the hunt be dragged by the avenger from kingship in Wall street to the terrible

(Continued on page eleven.)

GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR

30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt in restoring Vitality, Manhood and Vigor to weak and nervous men, will fill them with astonishment. All I ask is, that you write me to-day for my book, which explains my Electric Belt and appliances, with many testimonials, and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have become fully convinced with proof I am willing to entrust them to exercise their judgement and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. My Belt will soon correct pain like and force into whatever part of the body it is applied. Will cure Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney Trouble, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vitality, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Undeveloped parts and Lost Vitality. You need have no further faith in Electricity. WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write to-day for Illustrated Pamphlet with full description and numerous testimonials. Send free in plain sealed envelope.

PROF. A. CHRYSTAL, Inventor,
623 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES Write Mrs. E. Mercer, Toledo, Ohio, for free package Dr. Vim Sana. It cures female diseases.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Pretty Wealthy girls wish to marry (sealed No Free.). Ladies ads. published FREE. Pub. Co. (Agency), Dept. A, Lincoln, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3.75 PAY NO MONEY! This is risk! Send name & waist before pay. Write today for Catalogue. Mention this paper. Ladies' or Gents' size and we will send to you. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address C. O. D. to nearest office. Dept. 1. Chicago Watch Co., 180 Dearborn St., Chicago. Double Hunting Case, Solid Nickel Silver Watch, Stem Wind and Set, Accurately Timed and Guaranteed for 20 YEARS. Sent C. O. D. to any address for $3.75 and the two boxes. You can open and examine at your express office. If not as represented after examination, pay nothing. Write for Catalogue. Mention this paper. ROYAL GEM WATCH CO., Dept. 18, 180 Dearborn St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

CURES GONORRHŒA IN 1 to 5 Days. Guaranteed complete treatment internal and external. No second sickness or injury required. Absolutely harmless; no astringents or unpleasantness. Cures in less time than any other remedy. Either sex. $1 CONICURA

Infallible for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, Unnatural Discharges or any inflammation, or ulceration of mucous membranes. Sold by druggists, or sent by express prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar. All letters answered in plain envelopes. Address CONICURA REMEDY CO., Box 885 B, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE MAKE MEN,
MARITAL STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD.
IN TWO TO TEN DAYS.
Night losses, drains and restless nose at once. Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Varicocele and all Incurable and Weaknesses of Men or Women from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured.
Weak Men Enlarged and Developed
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Full Confidence Restored and Sustained.
Our Regular $5.00 package Paris Vital Sparks, a full month's treatment, 100 doses, sent by express closely sealed. Write us today.
Paris Chemical Co., guarantee positively that you cannot get relief, but a full month's treatment. If they do not cure you, you can pay after you are cured, and we leave it entirely to your honor. Our faith in our goods and we know as well the wonderful virtues we can do this. They surprise and astonish you. They astound the medical world. They set at once on the urine-genital system, and the miracle of Bible

Men Made Over

times can compare with the wonderful results obtained. They cure urinary diseases. Stop night losses from seven to ten days, so that they never return. Enlarge shrunken parts, drains and losses in nervous exhausting cases after a few days' treatment. The skin becomes clean, the eyes bright and clear. Confidence returns, step elastic, bowels regular. Then facial digestion, increase the appetite when it is poor, headaches, dizziness and nervousness disappear, color to the head becomes clear, the memory good, the weight gained. They make rich, pure, healthy red blood, which manifest the cheeks and complexion with rich health tints. Kidney troubles under the eyes disappear, strength returns, manhood is restored, and we guarantee to restored to perfect health and vigorous sexual power after a few days' use. Send for circulars.
A food for Brain, Blood, Muscle, Nerve Tissue. Not a stimulating drug to-day, but a tonic that will build you up and make you feel like a new man in a few days and leave you in a permanent good always in the end. It's no matter what you have tried, it's no matter what you have failed to get results, no matter what you have spent, it's no matter how you have suffered, no matter how discouraged you are, we have the only and address, plainly written, and we will treat you one month on trial, FREE. We will treat it as a business man. We will not even send you a valuable War Relief Pension Claim Blank, Write at once. Address in Plainly Sealed Envelope to Home Medical Institute,
Address Dr. Wm. Archambault Co
28 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.
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MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for Gents, Ladies or Children. Treasure-finders and testimonials free. Circulars 10c. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.
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PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in a field. Somewhere in the picture is a princess. Can you find her? She is larger than any of the figures in the picture. Any one who can find the princess by the picture carefully at once it is correct and you may choose from the following list a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her don't say a word about it, but write us at once, enclosing a 2c. stamp for postage, etc., to pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, so that we may know you are entitled to one of the prizes offered. The following is a description of the first prize:

FIRST PRIZE is a genuine Gold Watch, stem wind and stem set, guaranteed by the manufacturers, Messrs. Waltham Watch Co., to keep correct time for 20 years. This watch is suitable for either lady's or gent's use.

SECOND PRIZE is an elegant Gold Watch, stem wind and stem set, handsomely engraved, beautifully finished and fitted in the stem. In the case of the watch you will see a picture of the princess.

THIRD PRIZE is a handsome Gold Ring, set with pearl or stone, the latter indicative of August or September birthstone.

FOURTH PRIZE is an Initial Ring, handsomely finished, with a solid gold stone, upon which is engraved any initial you may select.

FIFTH PRIZE is a Gold Scarf Pin, with a solid gold stone, upon which is engraved any initial you may select.

SIXTH PRIZE is a Gold Plated Watch Chain, guaranteed to wear for 10 years.

SEVENTH PRIZE is a Gold Plated Bracelet.

EIGHTH PRIZE is a Gold Plated Locket.

NINTH PRIZE is a Gold Plated Scarf Pin.

TENTH PRIZE is a Gold Plated Ring.

Remember, we do not ask you to buy anything, but we do ask you to find the princess, and if you do find her we will give you one of the above prizes. Address your letter to-day, as the sooner you find the princess the sooner you will receive your prize

Weariness Cured.

Weary Thespian—I tell you I'm tired.

Bit!

Weary Thespian (on top of rear car)—But

A Thanksgiving Cinch.

She (after "yes" has been said)—What do you wish when you pulled the wishbone with me?

He—I wished that you would accept me. What did you?

She—Oh, I wished that you would propose.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cause for Congratulation.

Towser—Wire's the gobbler?

Bruno (mournfully)—Gone!

Towser (fervently)—Well, thank Sirius, wienerwurst is not a Thanksgiving day dish.

Turkey Gossip.

First Turkey Gobbler—I hear your son had a terrible experience on Thanksgiving day.

Second Turkey Gobbler—Yes; he was all cut up by it.

A Plan of Campaign.

"What are you doing, Miss Gigiamps?"

"I'm picking out the plays and concerts somebody has got to take me to this winter."

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 181 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

An Annoyance.

I'm a reformer, bold and free,
Yet, if the truth were told,
Some folk there be who look on me
As just a common scold.

Defining the Word.

"What is a trust, father?"

"A trust, my boy," replied the astute business man, "is a business combination that you are not in."

The White Man's Burden.

Smith—My congratulations, old man. I hear you have another increase in your family. Son or daughter?

Jones (sadly)—Worse; a son-in-law.

A Vain Experiment.

"Pa, why do you let the furnace go out every evening Mr. Bildad comes to see me?"

"I'm trying to freeze out the microbe of love, my deluded child."

Must Stand Together.

Katie—Don't you think the white goose is ever so much prettier than the others?

Bessie—No. And if I did think so I wouldn't say so. He's the gander!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Well Recommended.

He—So Miss Prettyface really married old Moneybags! Whatever induced her to do it?

She—She found out from the doctor that he positively had incurable heart disease.

Not "Dust," but Ashes.

Charley Swift (gloomily)—A man who works in a crematory has one advantage.

Willie Boy—What is it?

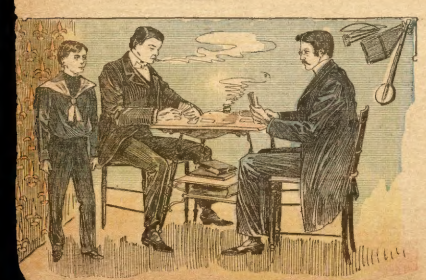
Charley Swift—His wife doesn't expect him to bring home all he urns.

A Mistake.

"Young man, didn't I hear you kissing my daughter in the parlor a few minutes ago?"

"No, ma'am. You heard your daughter kissing me."

FREEZE OUT.



ing—Papa, mamma just called you.

Father—Tell mamma I'll be there in a minute. Mr. Jones called me first.

IT WOULDN'T OCCUR AGAIN.

Benham—I had a close squeeze in business today.

Mrs. Benham—Your next typewriter shall be a man.

No Secret Between Them.

They had been engaged an hour, and his mustache was still brushing her cheek while her head was snugly pillowed against the lapel of his coat. There had been a long, eloquent silence, when, glancing up into his face she saw that his features wore a hard, strained expression, and that in his eyes was a look of determined courage.

"What is it, George, dear?" she whispered in tender but startled accent; "you have something to say to me that you fear I will not understand! Do not be afraid, beloved, I can endure anything except that you should try to keep something back."

"You mistake," stammered George. "I am not—that is—I am—but—atchoo, atchoo"—and George's frame heaved mightily as the sneeze which he had manfully tried to throttle passed off into space.

An Uncertain Quantity.

Ships Doctor (to seasick passenger)—Well, and how are you this morning, my dear fellow? Holding your own, I fancy?

Patient—I am, doctor; but this blanked stomach of mine isn't holding its own or anything else.

Not Sure About It.

"So you engaged a lawyer?"

"Well, I'm not just sure about that. Sometimes I think I engaged a lawyer, and sometimes I think I was hypnotized by one. I'll know more about it when the case is finished."

Something Every Woman Wants.

"Woman's Own Book of Toilet Secrets," a wonderfully valuable book sent free to any lady reader of this paper. Write Dr. Greene, 33 W. 14th St., New York City, for a copy.

CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO IT.

He Wanted a Moral Egg.

An Irishman seeing a fine parrot in a bird fancier's shop bought one of its eggs for $1 and it hatched out. To his bewilderment the outcome was a duck. He hastened back to the proprietor and said, angrily: "What do I pay a dollar worth of parrot egg I want wan you kin give a charachter wid. See?"

A Thoughtless Remark.

Old Mr. Probus—Yes. Honesty is the best policy.

Charley Rounder—Oh, I don't know, Old Mr. Probus (pensively)—Perhaps you have never been honest.

PERSONAL:—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 192, Chicago, Ill.

Easily Explained.

The Kind Lad—What causes your terrible appetite for liquor?

Dismal Dawson—The high price.

A Blasted Career.

"Is your son doing well in college?"

"No; he got a sprained ankle at football and has to confine himself to study."

CHICAGO'S WICKEDNESS.

Its Moral and Political Badness Laid Bare

"Chicago, Satan's Sanctum," paints in picturesque and vigorous English the inside facts of Chicago's vice—facts that are only hinted at or are hidden by the public press. Tells how and why all this evil exists, and how the police and city officials get rich by allowing crime and shame to exist. Gives a better idea than could be had in six months' life among the slums, at great danger to your own life and at enormous expense. Astounding revelations for people that do not even guess the extent and forces of sin in a great city. We have many applications for agencies for this remarkable book, but insist on placing it only among a few of the best. We will give a few of the right kind of agents an exceptional opportunity to make large money. If you are a hustler address at once, C. D. Phillips & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

Too Logical.

Billy Simple—I hear Morny Blankworth is going to have his rich grandmother incinerated by this new-fangled liquid atmosphere process.

Tommy Bright—Why doesn't he have "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" played by a phonograph to have the condensed-air idea carried out perfectly?

Shades of Turkeys.

"Saint Gobble, why am I kept out of the heavenly roost?"

"The cook forgot to singe you; just step down to the other place for a minute, please."

Old or New?

"Henderson tells me he means to name his new boy George."

"Old or new style?"

"What do you mean?"

"Washington or Dewey?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Might Have Guessed.

Mr. Stuffing—That saucy Miss Lipp told me at dinner that I reminded her of a popular bird?

Miss Whyte—What was it?

Mr. Stuffing—A turkey gobbler.

A Money Saver.

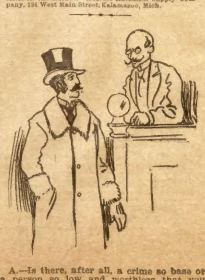
Mrs. Wiggs is the closest woman on the block.

"What has she been doing?"

"Why, she wouldn't have her leaves raked up; she says they can be shoveled up with the first snow."

Do You Want Employment?

We want a good manager in each county to look after advertising and the sales of the best winter seller in the market. Address Manhattan Supply Company, 191 West Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.



A.—Is there, after all, a crime so base or a person so low and worthless that you would not defend him?

B. Qu'swyzed—I don't know; what have you done?

STORYETTES.

Root as an Interviewer.

One of the chief peculiarities of Elihu Root, the secretary of war, is his ability as a listener. He listens without prejudice, which is one of the rarest of all gifts. To a club member the wife an indispensable if he wants to rise in office, and Mr. Root has been president at one time or another of almost every club he has belonged to. The growth of the war secretary has been slow. But it has been sure. As a lawyer he has had the genius of industry, and early in his professional life he learned the value of preparing both sides of every case he had. As a result he frequently knew more about his adversary's case than his adversary did himself. This thoroughness gave him an enviable standing at the bar. Long before he was generally known he was made United States attorney for the southern district of New York. That was years ago, and many laymen thought the president was appointing an incompetent man because he was comparatively unknown; but Mr. Root's public services demonstrated the wisdom of his choice.

Not only has Mr. Root a genius for listening, but he rivals Li Hung Chang in his ability to interview an interviewer. The other day a well known New York reporter was sent to Washington to interview the secretary's plans for ending the Philippine insurrection. When he returned he was asked what he had got.

"Got?" replied the reporter, soulfully. "Got nothing. The secretary saw me all right, and told me he was busy. I know about the newspaper business, and was just starting in to tell him how to own your own house on $50 a week when an assistant secretary broke in to consult him about a matter of business, and I had to go."

Anecdotes of Irish Peasantry.

Dictor L. Orman Cooper, in a recent pleasant account of his doings as a physician with the Irish peasantry, tells some characteristic anecdotes of their doings and sayings which have the merit of being both new and true. It is well known that the water cure is one not likely to meet with much appreciation in Erin; but the manner in which one old woman received the suggestion that a bath might be desirable was unexpected. She repudiated the idea indignantly.

"Sure," said she, "I've heard of washin' a corpse, but niver a live one."

He had some trouble with patients who were divided in mind as to the respective powers of himself and the "wise woman" who would treat them at sufferers from witchcraft; and he was not always able to urge his claims to a victorious issue. Many sufferers, however, placed in him a

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$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES; no experience needed; position permanent; put under. Send 5c. stamps for contract. Please state age. P. O. Box 1, Cincinnati, O.

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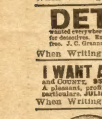

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GET BIG MAIL Mix to get big mail. Send 10c. for 10 names and addresses of men who use and sell stamps and packages. If so, send this advertisement very carefully. Mailing lists, circulars, rubber stamps, signs, boxes, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are worth money. We will publish an Agent's Directory, list containing names and addresses carefully arranged in classified trades, and will sell it to anyone who wants a special list or address for good reason to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names is available labor and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly on a postal or letter and send to us at once, so that it will reach us before the next issue. Each person ordering a list will be supplied as soon as we can get it ready. Simply send us 10 cents with your name and address and we will stand saying you wish your name inserted in our Agents' Directory and we will insert it in the next issue of the paper in which we are now preparing. Address AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST, Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Success for Young Writers.

Many times a new writer's work in poetry or prose fails to be accepted by publishers for almost entirely technical reasons. The manuscript is returned and the writer is no wiser, though generally discouraged without cause. Many promising manuscripts are never printed, for this reason. The experience necessary to success comes frequently only after years of experience. This may be avoided, if your work has the necessary merit at the bottom by slight changes or suggestions as to changes. Writers who have had this trouble may address G. H. Larke, North Shore Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Two Big Necks.

"Once when I was in New York some years ago," said A. W. Whelpley, "I found myself one afternoon standing before a counter in one of that city's largest dry goods stores selecting some collars.

"A good many men sallied up while I was there and ordered collars of various sizes, from 13 to 18.

"I heard a full, rather hoarse voice, ask for 'turn down 20.'

"I turned to note the man with the thick neck and beheld Grover Cleveland beside me. I knew him by his resemblance to the fellow on the cigar boxes.

"I had been given my change and a small packet of wares by the auburn-haired goddess of the counter, and with one more glance at the generous proportions of the man of destiny I was moving away when, strangely enough, the autocrat of the house of congress, Tom Reed, came steaming up to counter.

"There they stood, neither evidently knowing the proximity of the other.

"And, bless me, if he didn't ask for collars, 'second medium, welt band, turned front, 21.'

"I wondered if he thought the store proprietor a surveyor for such monstrous measures, but the goddess was equal to the occasion and handed out the desired size."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Florida.

The Big Four Route is the only line from Chicago connecting in the Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, with the through sleeping cars for Jacksonville and Tampa. The scenic line to Virginia, Hot Springs and Washington, D. C. For maps, time cards, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Trying to Please Employers.

Mistress—I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, divorced three months ago, and remarried your husband last night.

Domestic—Yes'm. You see, at the first place he had they wanted a married man, so we got married; but the next place they wanted a single man, so we got divorced, and I came here. Now, he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again and I'm going there with him.

The man who controls his temper governs his worst enemy.

Ladies' and Gents' WATCHES FREE

Anyone can earn this Beautiful Gold Plated Hunting Case, Stem Wind and Stem Set Watch, Chain and Charm, by selling only 20 packages of Beecher's Pills. They can be sold in a few hours. Everybody knows the value of Beecher's Pills and will buy on sight. Write at once for our liberal premium, Solid Silver Watch, Chain and Charm, Solid Gold Plated Ring, Gold Plated Scarf Pin, Solid Gold Plated Brooch, Solid Gold Plated Cuff Buttons, Solid Gold Plated Sleeve Buttons, Solid Gold Plated Studs, Solid Gold Plated Match Case, Solid Gold Plated Watch Chain and Charm, Solid Gold Plated Ring, Solid

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions. Persons representing in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to collect subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the town or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

After a girl reaches 25 she loses all interest in birthday parties.

From Aguinaldo's point of view he always evacuates a town just before Otis captures it and then proceeds to capture it after Otis has evacuated it. The two great generals are well met.

During the tremendous excitement of gold discovery in California, the greatest production in the United States was $65,-000,000 per annum. The regular gold production of the country is now greater than that, and it is annually increasing about ten per cent.

LEGISLATION FOR LABOR.

In view of the fact that the new possessions of the United States are rapidly filling up with alien and pauper laborers and that in consequence of the failure of experienced in the future in preventing the cheap labor from entering the states, the labor organizations will ask the next congress for suitable legislation on this phase of immigration. They realize the danger in doing to and will demand that early and speedy action be taken.

The syndicates and planters in the Hawaiian islands engaged in raising and exporting sugar cane have a combination of the immigration laws to those islands which have already been annexed to the United States, as they have contract laborers by the thousands. The Philippines will be overrun with this class of labor after the war ends. For that reason the regular-soldiers-general of Hawaii contains this recommendation:

"In view of the indiscriminate introduction into a territory of the United States of the lowest classes of aliens, it may be apprehended that difficulties will hereafter arise from their attempts to enter our ports, and suitable legislation is recommended to authorize the examination and rejection of aliens reaching our shores from ports of the territory of Hawaii though resident therein, as is now done in the case of aliens from foreign countries."

This state of affairs gives organized labor in this country grave concern. Congress will probably be asked to provide legislation to restrict the immigration evils in the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Cuba.

The legislation for which the national legislature will be memorialized by the labor organizations is certainly needful and there should be no hesitancy or delay in the matter after the assembling of the bodies at Washington. We owe it as a duty to ourselves to put up every bar to prevent pauper labor from entering this country.

THE GEM OF THE TRANSVAAL

OR FOR LOVE OF A BOER MAIDEN

By CAPTAIN ROBERT MAYNARD.

Begun in No. 46, November 11. Subscriptions can begin with that date, or back numbers can be procured from news stands or our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELOISE AND JACK RHODES.

It will be necessary at this point in our story to revert to Elsie Van Brom, the Gem of the Transvaal, whom we left at her father's mine near Kimberley in the Orange Free State.

She found the only friend in the whole American friend of her lover had given her and circuitously conveyed them in a strong trunk which belonged to herself.

This trunk she insisted should be placed in one of the wagons, though the nature of its valuable contents was kept from all others, even her mother.

She had shed a few tears when the company with her brother and lover left; but she dried her eyes and went to work with a will, gathering up the household treasures.

"We must be going soon," Diedrick Van Brom said, in the Dutch language. "We are too close to Kimberley entirely to be very agreeable, and the sooner we get into the Transvaal the safer we will be."

"Father, do you think the British will venture this far?"

"Don't know." the Boer answered, refilling his pipe.

Many articles in the hasty departure had to be left behind. The old Boer put all in the wagons that he could, but had only seven wagons, including that in which his wife and the children rode.

"We will have trouble from some quarter before we reach safety," the father thought. He had six stout young Burghers and ten Hottentots to drive the wagons and herds.

The Hottentots were a set of lazy, cowardly savages, which only wanted an opportunity to steal the goods they were supposed to protect.

The wagons were at last loaded and the train started on its way across the country to the Transvaal.

The picture of the emigrant train was much like the trains of emigrants that used to traverse the vast plains in America.

The anxiety felt by the people in those trains was something similar to that experienced by these.

Their danger perhaps was greater. They were not only in danger of marauding bands of the enemy but the Caffres and mountain robbers would not hesitate to attack them.

The war that was soon to be commenced at the time the Boers crossed the border invading English soil.

It was soon the second day of their journey when one of the six Boer teamsters, named Peter Valkenstein, remarked:

"There is a cloud of dust in behind us."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Van Brom, fixing his eyes on the cloud, "Can you see?"

"It is made by horses or a herd of cattle."

"May it be wind?"

"No, it's not that. There, did you see something bright flash out from the cloud?"

"Yes."

"Its cavalry."

"Why do you say that?"

"I saw the glitter of sabres and carbines."

The old Dutchman looked very much annoyed and then said, quite coolly, unmoved by words.

"Peter, do you see red coats?" he asked.

"No."

"They are not Boers?"

"No."

"Then it may be the robbers. How many of them do you see?"

"Twenty at least."

The Boers were very uneasy. They knew the cowardly nature of the natives, who were cowards and would run at the first indication of danger.

The cloud soon sufficed to prove that their pursuers were a mongrel mass of deserters from the army of the Zulus and mountaineers, and robbers composed of every nationality known in the world.

"Peter."

"Yes, mienher."

"These are robbers. They are following us expecting to recover a large amount of diamonds or gold. Drive at full speed to the grove of trees ahead, and stop in the low ground."

The stout old Burgher then called off four of the Beers mounted on horses, and threatened them with dire deaths if they did not obey his command, fell back to cover the retreat.

"Deploy," he said to the two horsemen on either side of him.

The horsemen deployed so as to prevent being blanked, and opened a fire at long range which checked the advance of the outriders, and gave the teamsters and herders an opportunity to drive the teams and stock to the small grove which seemed a complete natural fortification.

Trees grew in a circle as if they had been planted there. There was a depression in the ground with a ridge or rim like earth works surmounted with a wall of rock.

There was but one open space, into which the teams were driven.

Jack Van Brom, the stern old Boer, kept the enemy at bay with the aid of his four men and their rifles, falling back gradually, until the wagons were secure and then entered the grove.

The robbers, now convinced they had their prey secure, opened a fire upon the grove which was returned by those inside, and two of the attacking party were unhorsed.

The fight became warm. One of the Boers was killed and the Hottentots became so frightened they fled. The robbers did not try to stop them for they knew they carried no valuables.

Their attack on the train was very much like the attack of the Indians on the plains. They rode in a circuit around the train firing under their horses' necks and bellies.

Two or three of their ponies had been killed or disabled, and three or four of the attacking force, including horse-mounted, still the fight raged. Two of the Boers' men were wounded and one killed.

The old warrior who had fought in a dozen pitched battles with Zulus, Kaffirs, and English, was accustomed to the smell of gunpowder and fought on gallantly as when a youth defending his home.

But that circle of whirling fire about them was gradually growing smaller and smaller, threatening to engulf and extinguish them.

Their cause was desperate. The little encampment was almost concealed by the whirling line of fire.

Suddenly there rose on the air a wild shout and through the smoke and haze could be seen a body of horsemen riding to the attacking party.

Shot after shot rang out on the air. Several of the mongrel band fell, and the others fled for their lives.

Diedrick Van Brom shaded his face with his hand to take a look through the smoke at the unexpected new band of comers.

Very naturally he supposed that they were Boers and his surprise and chagrin may be imagined to know that they were red coats.

The officer in command galloped up and asked:

"Who is in command here?"

"I own these wagons, sir, and these men are in my employ."

"Where were you going?"

"Removing my family to the Transvaal."

A young man in civilian attire now rode forward and said:

"Captain Stark, if I mistake not, this man is my friend and a benefactor to whom I owe much. This is Herr Diedrich Van Brom."

"You are Jack Rhodes?"

"Yes, sir; Rhodes—Jack Rhodes."

The British had rode unmolested within the natural fortress where the Boers were defending themselves.

"The Kaffirs are very dangerous, Herr Van Brom, and I am of the opinion that you will find it very difficult if not impossible to reach the Transvaal. The country is overrun with desperadoes who have taken advantage of the distressed condition of the country to pillage and murder."

Jack Rhodes slipped from his horse and went to a wagon where he had peeped the fairest face he had ever seen.

"The Gem of the Transvaal," he muttered. "Egad, she is mine now."

Approaching the wagon in which Eloise sat, he said:

"My pretty nurse and kind benefactress, I am very glad to be able to in part at least repay you for your kindness to me."

"Mr. Rhodes, are you here?"

"Yes, my dear Eloise, and I trust that I am welcome."

"I—I do not know."

"I would be with you."

"Excuse me, for I must go to look after the wounded."

"Oh, we have a surgeon with us."

"He may need assistance."

"No, no, he will be quite sufficient as the losses are light."

Without making any answer she passed him and went to where a young Boer, faint and bleeding, lay at the root of a tree. Bending over the brave fellow, who scarce uttered a groan, her tears trickled down her cheeks and she breathed a short prayer as he turned his agonized eyes upon her.

In her low, gentle voice she murmured:

"Oh, that this should have to be! God have mercy on us! The wickedness and greed of man has caused our nation to mourn."

"Eloise, I am dying, but I am glad to die for you," the Boer whispered.

"It seems hard, Julius, to die, and you so young."

"Oh, I am nothing but a poor teamster, a working man. My life is nothing compared with your safety. Now that you are safe I can die happy. My noble master is safe, too. Oh you have been so kind to me all this time I have been in your father's employ. But I am going now where war and strife, ehent, deceit and fraud never come. There will be no Jameson nor Cecil Rhodes there to make war upon people for their homes, land, and country. All will be peace—comfort—joy—all—cry."

He grew fainter and fainter. The blood gushed afresh from that dangerous wound in his breast and his head fell back.

She held him in her arms a few moments while the death rattle was in his throat, and then Jack Van Brom, the stern old Boer, kept the enemy at bay with the aid of his four men and their rifles, falling back gradually, until the wagons were secure and then entered the grove.

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He grew fainter and fainter. The blood gushed afresh from that dangerous wound in his breast and his head fell back.

She held him in her arms a few moments while the death rattle was in his throat, and Jack Rhodes was standing by her side.

The hard-hearted scoundrel was unmoved by the scenes of death. Even then he was contemplating how he might turn the recent victory over the outlaws and the rescue, to his own advantage.

He waited until the Boer maiden turned away then he asked:

"Eloise, what does your father intend doing?"

"He will go on to the Transvaal."

"He can not."

"Why?"

"It will be very dangerous."

"No, we are beyond the mountain robbers now."

"But the whole country swarms with Kaffirs."

"We will soon meet with some of our own people who will protect us."

"Before you do you will be again attacked, and defeat would mean death and ruin."

"What is it you would have, Rhodes?"

"You have already found friends."

"In whom?"

"In these brave soldiers. They have rescued you from the robbers and savages. They saved you from farm ruin, and will protect you until you are safe in Kimberley."

"We can not go to Kimberley."

"You must; it is the only place where you will be safe."

"No, no, no!" she wrung her hands in an agony of dread, and turned away that he might not witness her distress.

He took a step or two to her side, and stooping ever whispered in her ear:

"You will go, Eloise, with us; I care not what objections you may make. I understand, you expect to meet that infernal American thief, and that he will be your escort. I have planned to thwart him, and though he may steal my uncle's diamonds he shall not rob me of my bride."

The full extent of her danger now dawned upon her mind and she fled to a young tree to support herself from falling.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DECOY DECOYED.

The nearer Elmer Davis came to the British camp the more determined he became. He drove his spurs deep into the flanks of his horse and darting alongside the officer he was pursuing, seized his arm in a clutch of iron.

"Yours right about, sol ding ye!" he roared, as with his left hand he snatched the reins. The horse bearing the officer reared and being well trained wheeled before the officer could stop him, and went thundering on the back trail.

The cloud of dust raised by the cavalry concealed the movement and, although they were within plain sight of the British line, not a shot was fired.

But the brave Britton was not to be taken so easily. He struck at Elmer with his sabre.

Elmer was as quick as the wild cat of America, having been a scout in the Boer wars. He caught the wrist of the officer and actually wrung the sword from his hand.

"Give ride for your life, dum your picture, or I'll run this through your body."

The officer saw that his life was in peril and said:

"I surrender."

As they were now beyond rifle shot they galloped at an easier gait across the plain.

"Are you a Boer?" asked the Englishman.

"No, I am an American."

"I am glad of that. I swore I'd never surrender to a Boer; but the Americans are fighting men."

"The Beers are not to be despised."

"No, that is true. How came you to be in the Boer army?"

"Well, I can hardly explain it. I was in Africa looking for adventures and thought I found both and more too. A pretty little Boer girl, the daughter of one of the brightest little creatures on earth won me. I got tangled up in an affair with Cecil Rhodes. He robbed me of my claim and I got some diamonds to which he laid claim, and now I am here doing it as I have been Paul Pry ever since I followed."

The officer ground his teeth and said:

"Yes, yes, Cecil Rhodes is the cause of this war. It will be a long time before the Boers or England will do it. Thousands of our brave soldiers will die on the battle field but that accursed Rhodes will take care that his precious hide does not suffer."

"I have a part of it, if he and Jameson had the fighting to do, and the soldiers could look on, it would be more like justice."

The officer made no answer. He remembered that he was a soldier and that it was his duty to obey orders, and not question the right or the wrong of anything.

They reached the Boer camp and the officer was surrendered to the commander. Elmer Davis was both praised and condemned for his wild ride.

Some of the more enthusiastic friends of Elmer Davis were in favor of promoting him; but General Joubert knew that while courage was essential to a good soldier, caution was another requisite. A man who would charge into an ambuscade alone would lead a force into a trap, and he was content to wait until he had more knowledge of Elmer's qualifications before promoting him.

Two days passed and nothing of any consequence occurred.

On the morning of the third day it was observed that quite a body of Britons were advancing toward the Boer center.

Joubert sent a command to the main body of the Boers to attack. A battery of two guns was placed on ridge to defend it against the advance.

"What the duce does that mean?" Elmer asked. "We came here to fight not to run away."

"There is something in this more than we can see."

"What is in it?"

"That force may be a decoy to lead us into a trap."

"Well, we could cut our way through any trap they would set for us."

"We might, and might not. Let us obey orders and see."

The force sent against the ridge was evidently a decoy to draw off the main attacking force.

"They mean to attack us," Dick declared, "and [illegible] see no reason for weakening our [illegible]-wer]—drawing the force stationed [illegible]

"It's all derned nonsense," returned Elmer. "Old Joubert's gone crazy. The British will have those guns and all the world will ring with England's victory."

"All we can do is do our best," Dick answered. "It's not for us to ask why many mysterious things are done."

The English lancers presented a beautiful sight as they came galloping over the plain.

All were in bright new uniforms, and they were a noble class of men. The two field pieces soon opened upon them sending shells shrieking far out on the plain.

For a moment they seemed to hesitate, and then bantered the Boers to come forth and give battle.

The artillery continued to roar. Some English field artillery answered, and the shells and balls blew up the ground frightfully close to the Boer's ranks.

The fight was at long range but for a short time.

The cavalry as a decoy failed to bring out the Boers and the artillery permitted the heavy columns of infantry to advance.

The thunder of artillery was now almost incessant.

The surrounding hills seemed like fire-belching volcanoes.

Shot and shell were falling about the British infantry, yet they never yielded or paused in their advance. Like a gaunt, irresistible avalanche the force advanced against the works.

Dick cast a glance about and when he saw how near the defenders were he began to fear that they would fall.

The cannonade was insufficient to repel the assault of the center and now the musketry began to rattle. All along the line the cracking kept up like the tearing of heavy canvas. The Britions were mowed down by the deadly fire, but they paused not in the advance.

On, and on, they came with fixed bayonets pouring in an incessant fire. The conflict grew warmer and warmer, and though the Boer rifles mowed down their ranks they were unable to stop the advance.

"Dick."

"Elmer."

"We are licked."

"I know it, but don't tell the men."

"Thunder, they'll find it out."

"Here they come on the double quick. By golly, I guess they'll find it out now"

With an earthquaking yell the British rushed up the ascent.

The Boer bugle at this moment sounded a retreat.

"Get out of this Dick!"

"Where are our horses?"

"Here."

They ran to where their horses were tied, the saddles on their backs.

"Undo and mount Elmer."

"Oh, the devil, my halter is in a hard knot."

"Cut it."

With his saber Elmer cut his halter.

By this time the British were coming over the works. Friends leaped into the saddles and away they went.

On every side the Boers were in flight.

Some were hemmed in and at one place they saw the white flag raised, but the enraged Britons continued to slaughter.

The Boer artillery was captured amid tremendous shouts and yells of triumph.

But the main body of the defenders of the works were in flight up the valley.

Another military force was now on foot by the English. The cavalry, the decoy which had been sent out to tempt the Boers into the plain, came flowing forward in a swift pursuit.

"Dick, look back there; by thunder, they are butchering our fellows after the white flag is up."

"Perhaps they don't see the white flag."

"Yes, they do."

"Well, some of the officers will order the firing to stop."

"And by jingo, here comes the red coat cavalry. Now we've got to out dirt and travel."

"Yes."

The road was lined with Boer horsemen riding for dear life toward the upper end of the valley where the mountain ranges seemed to converge.

Hills and forests soon hid the town but the battalion came like mad men close behind them.

Two or three miles flew by and the pursuers were coming at a charge It was now nearly dark. Suddenly there rose up a strong Boer column in line of battle.

At the same moment on each flank of the fleeing rang out heavy volleys and a strong force dashed into the rear cutting off the road.

The decoy had been decoyed.

This thrilling story of love and fighting in the land of the Boers will be continued next week. The attention of readers is respectfully called to our liberal premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Sinner at Bay.

(Continued from page seven.)

courts of justice in Tennessee where his crime was still regarded with horror.

The will left behind gave everything to Ninon, and she emerged from her retreat to take possession of River View, but not until the body had been laid over the mantel piece body.

The young girl now knew the full truth; she knew that she was a Powers and not a Markham, and at last, after years of separation and trial, that of a parted bedewed her brow.

And in time Parke Wetherell came to claim his own, and Lucy Blair disappeared with her daughter, and Captain Velvet no longer looked for her in the city of sin and crime.

One night a young man stood on the moon-lit bluffs that overlooked the river near River View.

The soft light of the queen of the heavens fell upon their forms and the arm of the young man stole around her waist as he drew her gently to him.

"You are happy, Ninon?" he said, under the kiss he bestowed.

"Happy, at last," was the reply.

And a figure standing in the shadow of a tree near by glided toward the house and the lips of the spectral man said in low but exultant tones:

"I am happy, too. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

Condon Powers was a man-hunter no longer.

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A Maiden's Peril.

(Continued from page five.)

"Hush," remonstrated the mother, "don't be rude." Then turning to Clarence she added: "You mustn't mind anything Clarence says. He don't mean nothin'."

"I'm just in a hurry for the theater tonight," said the youth, addressing Ella, "and I'm sorry you'll be good, Jimmy Murphy, the champion lightweight is going to have a go with Kid Powe, and he'll bump him to the middle of next week. Martin is going to sing a new song. I know Jimmy and Martin, and you'll have to introduce you," he added, by way of inducement.

Ella declined on the ground of fatigue and sought her room, followed by the adspiring gallant of the youth and the spiteful ones of the mother.

"She's stuck-up hussy," she muttered, after Ella had disappeared, "but I'll bet a cent she's gone too good for my son."

The next morning when the girl sought the dining room she noticed that great confusion reigned in the house. There were trunks in the hall and boxes and bundles in many of the rooms.

"We're going to leave to cleanin' house," said the landady, "an' a nice job we have of it. If you're goin' out, we won't touch your room until you get back."

Ella said that she was going out, and in half an hour was in the large department store to store, from office to office, seeking employment, and seeking it in vain. Cold or bright and blustering, she met with others indifferently, at some insultingly, and it was late in heavy hearted she returned to the boarding house on Washington boulevard as soon.

As she ascended the steps she noticed that a large van was standing there, partly filled with household furniture, and that rough-looking men were carrying furniture out of the door and putting it on the load.

"Are you moving?" she asked, as the woman me ther in the front hall.

"Bless you, no," was the reply. "I'm sending the furniture away to be cleaned. You want your lunch, I suppose? Did you get a job?"

Ella shook her head.

"You don't look ready," said Mrs. MacGinn, examining the costly cape which the girl carried, and which was a fine combination by taking it from Ella's shoulders and throwing an old and faded thing to the girl.

"You wear that this afternoon," she said, "and you'll look more like. I'll keep this where it won't get soiled."

The frightened girl remonstrated, but to no purpose, so she ate her lunch and went away again, wearing the wretched cape provided by the old hag. Toward the middle of the afternoon, down on State street, she came upon the detective who had berfriended her on the previous day, and was about to confide her troubles to him when the sight of a face in the crowd seemed to turn her heart to stone.

John Horton was slowly making his way toward her. His arms were outstretched, his eyes were warm with love. She saw his lips move, but the noise about them prevented his words reaching her ears. Quick as a flash she turned and fled, seeking the largest crowds and the most thoroughfares. Without daring to look backwards, she hastened on for a long time and then paused only because she was out of breath. After resting for a moment in a doorway she hastened on again. With John Horton in the city there was danger in every break she made.

Presently the weary girl found herself in front of her boarding house on Washington boulevard. She had no key, so she rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Say," called out a passer-by, "the folks moved away this afternoon. You won't get in there."

Ella sank upon the stone steps in utter despair. With the unscrupulous woman had gone her diamond and her costly cape, the only articles of value which she could have disposed of in case of dire necessity. The tears came fast to her eyes as she contemplated her forlorn and helpless situation, and passers-by and street-boy gazed curiously at the weeping figure. Presently she saw some children who had stood for a moment regarding her in silent, wide-eyed wonder, pointing her out to a policeman who was walking slowly toward the house. Then she arose and turned west, in the direction of Union park.

As she did so a familiar voice sounded in her ear, and she halted and looked around, her eyes flashing, her nervous figure drawn to its utmost height. John Horton stood before her!

"You coward!" she cried.

"You are not over and above choice in your words to one who has followed you from place to place seeking only your own good," said the young man softly. "And it seems," he added, glancing at the clothes she then at the traces of tears on the girl's face, "it seems that I arrived just in time."

"I hate you," sobbed the girl. "Go away and leave me to myself."

"I have had too much trouble in locating you," was the cool reply. "Are you ready to go home with me?" he added, taking a step toward her.

"Never," was the fierce reply. "I will die in the streets first."

"What's all this?" demanded the officer, stepping in front of the house. The girl sprang to her feet.

"I implore your protection, sir," she cried, advancing to the officer. "This person is insulting me."

"She's not in her right mind," said Horton, coolly. "She has run away from home, and I, her cousin, am here to take her back. She refuses to go. Come with me to the station and I will prove all I say."

"Take her along then," said the officer, with a grin.

Horton took the trembling girl by the arm and led her down the street, and there was a look in his eyes which boded danger to the frightened creature, alone and in his power.

Further chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next week. Readers are respectfully referred to our special premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Fooled Them.

A new variety of the "every-day philosopher" is pictured by the Chicago News in the following anecdote: It says, came racking down the iron steps which led to the elevated at the Northwestern depot, just as a train was pulling out.

He was stout and perspiring and his arms were filled with bundles. Everybody got out of his way as he chased the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and pleasant comment after him.

Some sportively inclined people offered to bet in a loud voice on his chances of ratching the train, and others laughed at his grim determination. But he caught it and was hoisted up on the platform by a trainman without the loss of a bundle. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him, and went inside the car with the blessed sense of having won.

It was only when the conductor came round for his ticket that he learned that he was on the Milwaukee division train, bound for Evanston without stop, when he should have been moving toward Park Ridge, which lies in a different direction.

Most people smiled, but one said something ugly. This man only smiled.

"There's one comfort about it," said he. "Those fellows think they've fooled me, but now I fooled them. They think I caught the right train."

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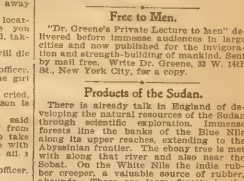
Products of the Sudan.

There is already talk in England of developing the natural resources of the Sudan through scientific exploration. Immense forests line the banks of the Blue Nile along its upper reaches, extending to the Abyssinian frontier. The ebony tree is met with along that river and also near the Sobat. On the White Nile the india rubber creeper, a valuable source of rubber, abounds. There are large forests in the Bahr-el-Ghazal district. Gum is now obtained in some of the mountains of the Sudan. Search will be made for coal.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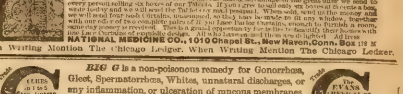

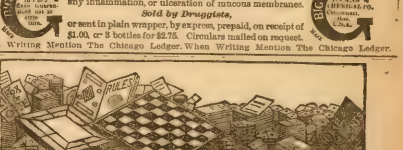
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SECRETS OF A GRAVE.

The Story of Two Orphans and a Wicked Uncle's Plot---Revelations of an Indian Burying Ground.

By J. M. MERRILL,

Author of "Among the Counterfeiters" Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

Begin in No. 50, Dec. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured at news stands or from our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV

A WILD STORM.

"That was a needs trick," said the newcomer as he assisted Grayson to his feet. "Are you much hurt?"

"No," replied the widow's son, "but that villain there will be in a moment." The angry and indignant boy started toward Scoville, with clenched hands and flashing eyes. The lumberman stepped behind Della, as if seeking the girl's protection.

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the angry Brant, "I shall flog you now to pay for striking me and frightening my horse. If the buggy is damaged you will have to pay for that, too."

Della held up both hands before the angry boy.

"Please, don't," she said. "Uncle Adam didn't think, I am sure. Now that Gale has appeared let us all be friends and forget the past."

Adam Scoville stood in sullen silence behind his pretty niece. Brant halted, hesitated, then dropped his clenched hands.

"Gale," said he. "Do you mean——"

"I mean that the boy who just now helped you to your feet is my brother, and he has succeeded in catching your horse. He is coming back with it now."

Brant followed her gaze and saw the strange lad leading his horse forward from the distance.

"He wasn't very badly frightened," said the lad, with a laugh, "only found him in collision with a tree down yonder."

"Anything broke?" asked Brant.

"Nothing that I can see."

When the boy halted the vehicle beside Brant, Della advanced and introduced her brother to Grayson. The boys shook hands and they were on friendly terms at once.

"I didn't expect to see you here," said Gale, regarding his sister in surprise, "I suppose, though, that you came up with Uncle Adam for a pleasure trip?"

The speaker glanced inquiringly at the sullen-faced lumberman. That worthy forced a smile, and came forward with extended hand.

"I am glad to see you, my boy. Della and I came up after you. I had no idea that you intended to leave home in the way you did, Gale. To tell the truth, I was not pleased at it, but it's all right now, and we'll go back to Hilltop by the next train."

"You forget that I have no home, Uncle Adam," returned the lad, with a sarcastic droop of the head. "I couldn't very well leave what I haven't got."

"Oh, well, that'll do to talk, but my home is yours and you ought to be satisfied with it. I have something for you to do. Come, let us go to the depot, there'll be a train along directly. We can talk when we are aboard the cars."

Colonel Scoville turned and began walking up the road. Gale did not follow, however. Turning to Della, he said, while a peculiar look flashed over his face:

"I can't go back with him, sister. I haven't found what I came for yet, and I've heard some strange stories that make me almost fear and hate that man."

Gale paused, and the strange lad, elderly and frail to look at, yet he had a sturdy expression about the mouth and determination, and that look was there now, while his small hands were clenched together as if holding fast to a rudder.

Brant Grayson, full a head taller than Gale, and a third heavier, stepped quickly forward and confronted the two orphans, a glow on his face, the light of a sturdy purpose shining in his eyes.

"Well spoken, my lad," cried he, with earnest emphasis. "Don't go back with that man, my villain. Stop with mother and me, and we'll investigate. You must see Wooldridge, too. He is the one you met him."

"Woodsnipe!" uttered Gale. "The name has a familiar sound, but I have not the honor of his acquaintance. Does he live in Drinkwater?"

"Yes."

"Well, children, ain't you coming?" called Colonel Scoville from the distance at this moment.

"No, they're not," replied Brant, quickly, seeming determined to befriend his late employer's children at every turn. Adam Scoville came swiftly back to the spot and began urging his young relatives to accompany him home.

Gale quietly, yet firmly, assured his uncle that neither he nor his sister would ever return to Hilltop while he---Scoville---was master there.

"But this is open rebellion," declared the irate lumberman. "You are both under age, and I am your lawful guardian. I insist on your returning with me."

"You may be our guardian," said Gale, still calmly, "but I have been studying the law, and until you bring forward such proof we decline to be commanded by you."

Adam Scoville flew into a passion, but it did him no good, both boys refused to be led him and entered the house of Mrs. Grayson together.

Brant led his horse to the rear of the house and hitched him to a post. When he returned to the front of the building the lumberman still stood there, fuming and threatening dire vengeance on Brant for the part he had taken against him.

"Your threats don't frighten anybody, Mr. Scoville," said Brant, who, although not a man in years, was strong for his age, and handy with his fists. He did not fear for himself in case the lumberman should again assault him. He was now on his guard and ready to welcome an attack.

"I'll do something besides threaten," declared Scoville. "I'll have the law in this land I'll have my rights, and you shall go to jail, you impudent puppy." With that the angry lumberman strode away toward the railway station.

Brant watched the portly form until it was lost to view behind a clump of pines, then he hastened to join his friends in the house.

Gale explained his appearance by saying that he had been to Brinkwater, where he passed the previous night. The landlord of the hotel there had known his father well, and told the lad that a letter by the name of Truax could tell him all about his parents last illness and death. Gale had set out to find the home of the settler, lost his way in the woods, and in wandering about, chanced upon the Grayson clearing, as we have seen, just as Brant fell from the buggy.

"Truax, Truax," mused Brant. "I don't know of such a man in these parts. I'm afraid the landlord made a mistake. The man you ought to see is Woodstone. I was about to take Della over there when you appeared."

"Well, why not go, you and I, Brant, while Della remains here for the present?" suggested Gale.

"That might do, I suppose." But to this Della refused to listen for a single moment. She was anxious to go to Brinkwater at once, and convinced that her uncle meditated mischief, and she and Gale would be much safer there. There seemed to be a degree of plausibility in the girl's argument, and the was permitted to have her way.

Brant led his horse around once more, and the three young occupants of the vehicle instead of two when it drove away. One-third of the distance to Brinkwater had been traversed when the heavens became suddenly overcast and a rumble of thunder announced the travelers of an approaching storm.

Night and storm seemed coming on at one and the same time. Great pines waved their bushy caps and moaned dismally. When the storm broke the rain began to fall Brant drew rein beside an old logging shanty.

"Here is shelter at all events," said he, and glad enough were the three to seek the cover of the shanty. Brant secured his horse under a shed at the rear, and then joined his companions in the front room.

The night came back and all at once suddenly, and the storm burst in unchained fury. Wind, lightning and rain. Trees were flung like matches as many sticks by the furious gale. And in this the greatest danger threatened those who were there within reach of the shanty. On every side the sound of falling trees greeted the ears of the young people.

"What an awful storm!" exclaimed Della, pressing her head against the wall.

Crash! came a tree upon one corner of the shanty, crushing it flat, some of the flimsy timber flying into the boys. Della uttered a piercing scream.

Brant and Gale, though they were, feared the worst. Death menaced on every hand. Della clung to a bench in the darkness and crouched close against a strong rim. A part of the roof being crushed in, the wind howled with renewed fury.

The wind increased in fury for a time, and the boys debated as to whether it were best to seek safety outside. While they talked a full came in the storm and the young people knew that the young friends breathed easier once more.

"The worst is over," said the widow's son, "and I think we can soon continue our journey, providing the horse is safe, and the road is not filled with fallen trees."

"Why, I'm afraid it is already," said Della.

Brant was satisfied that such was the case, and it was impossible to leave the shelter. Boy and girl conversed for some time, and then Della suddenly remarked how quiet and subdued was her brother.

"Remain here and I will go and look for him," said Brant.

The boy was gone a seemingly long time and when he returned he was alone. The storm had passed away and the moon now lit the outer air very perceptibly.

"Well," said Della, "what did you discover?"

"That the buggy is smashed to flinders, but my horse is unharmed."

"And Gale? Why doesn't he come in?"

"I can't see to find him."

"Didn't you ask him?" persisted Della.

"No. Fact is, Della, I haven't seen your brother since I left the shanty. He isn't in sight anywhere."

"That is strange."

"I don't think so. He's doubtless exploring the vicinity, and will soon return." Brant assured, but was not quite content for some time. When, however, an hour had passed without the brother's return Della became alarmed.

Brant said he would go out and look for him, as long as the storm continued the lad had lost his way amidst the fallen timber. Della approved and begged that his friend could not be found. Fallen trees lay everywhere, and there was no possibility for the boy to escape from them in their unenviable position before morning.

They passed an unpleasant night. Della suffered trouble over the prolonged absence of her brother, fearing some accident had befallen him. When at length day dawned, two tired young people walked forth from the half-ruined shanty to view the scene of destruction.

Despite the debris caused by the wind and lightning the morning was fair, and all the gloomy feelings of the girl, and she smiled when her companion pointed out how near had been their escape from instant death.

"Can we go on now?" she asked.

"Back to mother's?"

"No to Brinkwater. My brother may have gone there in search of help."

"True enough. I will see how badly the road is blocked."

While Brant Grayson was away explor-

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At the vicinity, Delia busied herself performing a simple toilet, using a pool of water for a mirror.

While she engaged a step near startled her. She glanced about to see a man approaching. It proved to be Adam Scoville, the lumberman. He moved swiftly, while his face wore a solemn expression.

"I am glad to find you alive, Delia," said her uncle. "I was afraid you had perished in the storm. You are more fortunate than Gale."

"Where is Gale? Have you seen him?" questioned the girl, quickly and apprehensively.

"Yes, child; he lies down the road a ways, under a tree."

"Is—is he dead?"

"He is dead!"

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING ACCUSATION.

The shock of Adam Scoville's news quite unnerved Delia. She would have fallen had not her uncle caught her in his arms. He bore her back into the shanty and seating her on a bed, began chafing her hands and talking soothingly.

Even he, calloused man of the world that he was, felt saddened at the deep and terrible distress of his little niece.

"Oh, no, no, he cannot be dead! Gale cannot be dead!" moaned the girl at length, wringing her hands and looking very white and faint.

"I wish I could say otherwise," returned the uncle, "but it is too true. I learned of your departure for Brinkwater last night, and when that awful storm came up I knew you must be caught in it. As soon as day dawned I hurried in this direction, fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best. Not ten rods back from the shanty I ran into a fallen treetop, where, under a big limb, he lay, quite lifeless."

Delia said no more, but sat moaning and wringing her hands, all the glad light of her young life gone out at a single stroke.

Brant Grayson soon returned. He frowned as if seeing Colonel Scoville, but when he learned the ill news he bore he refrained from giving vent to his feelings.

"Let us go at once to Gale," said Brant. "It may be that you may be mistaken about his being dead. Will you stop here till we get back, Delia?"

"I—I will go with you."

No one offered to remonstrate and the trio were soon quickly picking their way through the debris that lumbered the highway. Not a word was uttered till the lumberman, who was in advance, halted and pointed to a mass of broken limbs and bushes, just at the edge of the road.

"In there he lies."

Delia stood staring in wide-eyed terror, one slender hand held tightly in that of her uncle. Brant advanced boldly and peered down among the broken limbs of the proud old forest monarch.

"I guess you are mistaken, Mr. Scoville, there's nobody here," called the boy, after a brief survey.

"Look closer. I'm sure he's there," declared the landowner.

"Oh!" breathed Delia, a sense of relief coming to her, as though the not finding of the body meant hope for her.

"Nothing here but limbs and broken earth. You are certainly mistaken, sir."

Dropping on hands and knees, Adam Scoville strode hastily to the treetop. He uttered an ejaculation when he realized that Brant Grayson had spoken the truth.

"I—I don't understand it," he articulated, huskily. "The boy was here when I came along, and he was quite lifeless, too."

"You may be mistaken in the tree."

"No, this is the place. Somebody has got rid of us and taken the body away."

He's face resumed its wonted color soon.

Brant Grayson breathed a big sigh of relief at the word in her ear, as he went about searching the immediate vicinity. Nothing was found, however, and the trio returned thoughtfully to the logging shanty. Brant walked beside his little friend and held her hand, giving it a pressure of friendly assurance.

"Keep up your courage, Delia," whispered the boy. "This is a plan of the enemy and must be frustrated."

Adam Scoville lingered some yards behind the boy and girl, a look of puzzled alarm on his sordid face. That he was deeply troubled was plain to be seen. The keen-eyed Grayson noted this, and he at once surmised that the disappearance of his nephew was displeasing to the lumberman.

"I'll look a little further," called Mr. Scoville, as our young friends were about to enter the shanty. "I may find those who have removed the body, somewhere in the neighborhood."

"Very well," returned Brant, who was glad to be alone with Delia for a time. He had taken a deep interest in the fortunes of the two orphans who, he believed, had been cheated of their rights by their unscrupulous uncle. He did not arrive at this conclusion because of what had recently occurred, but from what he had overheard other people remark, and from positive assertions made by Calvin Woodstone, an old-time friend of the late John Banwell.

"Sit down and rest for a few minutes," said Brant, leading Delia to a box at one side of the room.

"I am not in need of rest," returned the girl. "I have done nothing to make me tired."

"Then perhaps you would like to proceed at once to Brinkwater?"

"Yes, if you think best. But Gale——"

"May be there ahead of us," completed the boy, with a cheering laugh.

"Oh, Brant, how can you laugh when my poor brother is dead?" rebuked Delia, breaking into sobs.

"There, there, don't cry, little girl," soothingly.

She saw two men struggling desperately for the mastery.

"And served him right, too," jeered the lumberman.

"You would not feel right with blood on your hands, Uncle Adam."

"A man has a right to defend himself, at any rate." A look of sullen disappointment filled the black cube of Scoville. Evidently it would have suited him better to have slain his assailant.

Brant Grayson appeared at this moment, leading Dobbin. He inquired into the meaning of the pistol shot, and having been a witness to the exciting scene in front of the shanty, listened.

When Delia explained while her uncle sat in sullen silence, Brant said:

"The fellow was undoubtedly a lunatic. I have heard that such a being has been seen in the woods near Brinkwater. Are you ready to go now?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

Brant lifted her to the back of his horse and was about to pick his way through the debris to the north, when Adam Scoville sprang to his feet and laid a hand on the bridle rein.

"I hope you do not propose to go to Brinkwater," he said, addressing his niece.

"Why, that's where I am going."

"You cannot go."

"What is that?"

Brant Grayson turned about and retraced his steps.

"I am this girl's uncle and guardian, and I forbid her going any further into the woods. Her place is home and at school, whither I shall take her at once."

Here was a dilemma fruity. Brant knew that if Delia returned with her uncle, the law would permit him to do as he said, but Delia had told him a complete history of her life since her father died, and from it he concluded that Colonel Scoville was not the faithful guardian to one of his children; in fact, no guardian had yet been appointed, the boy and girl not wishing to have their uncle fill that place toward them.

"I think that no one will deny that you are an uncle of half-sister to Miss Delia," said Brant, after a momentary hesitancy, "but that you are her guardian I do not believe. The young lady has set her heart on visiting Brinkwater, and her friends there, and I do not think you can prevent her doing so."

"I shall prevent her, nevertheless."

Colonel Scoville turned the horse about. Brant saw that a collision was unavoidable, but he did not shrink from it. Placing himself in front of the lumberman, he put out his hand, saying:

"No, Colonel Scoville, you cannot do

(Continued on page fifteen.)

CHAPTER VI.

A YOUNG CHAMPION.

The two men faced each other with scowling brows and flashing eyes. For a moment, thus, then the newcomer flung his arms about the lumberman and dragged him from the room. Wildly alarmed, Delia started up and staggered to the door. There in the morning light she saw two men struggling desperately for the mastery.

The girl could not have interfered if she would. Her strength had departed, and she clung, trembling and faint, to the door jamb.

Back and forth the two men reeled in their mad struggle. The girl watched the panting combatants like one in a dream. She thought of running for help, but the words died on her lips.

Presently it, here something gleamed in the hand of Adam Scoville. He had drawn a pistol and was about to use it on his antagonist. Delia seemed influenced by a power outside herself. She darted forward and caught the arm of her uncle just in time to save the strange old man from death.

The pistol cracked and a bullet sped near the cheek of the stranger. Another instant and the two struggling men fell apart. The one with the gray matted hair and beard darted into the woods and disappeared, at the same time sending back a weird yell of defiance.

"You little imp!" hissed Scoville, turning upon his niece. "What do you mean by hindering my aim just now?"

As he spoke the angry lumberman glanced from his smoking revolver to the abashed and trembling girl.

"I—I don't know," stammered Delia. "You might have killed him, you know."

She looked up to see a pair of sinister black eyes glaring at her from the doorway.

"Oh, Uncle Adam, how you frightened me!" exclaimed the girl, with a shudder.

"Did I?" said he. "Well, I didn't mean to, my dear. I thought that you might hold false hopes regarding Gale. Don't you do it, Delia. He is surely dead—"

"If he is dead you murdered him, you old viper!"

A voice, sharp as a bugle note, rang through the room. Both uncle and niece started at the sound, and faced the low doorway, through which a tall woman appeared, a face lit by a pair of blazing eyes and framed with tangled masses of gray hair and beard.

"I repeat it, if the boy is dead, you murdered him, Adam Scoville!"

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(Continued on page fifteen.)

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CHAPTER XI.—(Concluded.)

"Here---here's my share." Bill placed some money in Clark's hand. "Fact is, I was 'most asleep in the corner yonder, and didn't pay no heed. I wish the kid's at your ranch, eh, Mr. Clark?"

But Clark did not answer. It struck him as a little short of ludicrous for Bill to contribute toward Madge's journey east, but, after all, she had served him in the house as a servant long enough to have a right to the money, so Clark accepted it and smiled to himself to think how wrathful Bill would be if he knew the truth. But Mr. Clark did not realize the full extent of this world's wicked ways. He got away from the saloon as soon as possible without giving offense to the loungers there; and went home to his wife to whom he repeated the story of his success.

"We must get the child off on the early train," he said. "It appears she has a fever, and if I sit up all night to awaken her, she must be ready on time."

Madge was sleeping soundly on her pallet in the sitting room. Clark went to see that she was safe, and found her still sleeping like a tired child.

"Poor little thing," he said, softly, his eyes growing suspiciously moist as he looked upon her. "What a pity for a beautiful little creature like her to be driven about from pillar to post, homeless, friendless and alone. Wife, it makes me think of our Marie, and what a dreadful thing it would be if she were similarly situated."

The good people sat up in the room adjoining the one in which Madge was sleeping until the clock struck twelve.

"Now, wife," said the man of the house, "you must go to bed. Yes, I insist upon it. I will sit up here in the kitchen, and there is no need of both losing our night's rest. At four I will call you and awaken the girl."

Mrs. Clark retired and her husband seated himself in a big rocking chair, with his pipe in his mouth. The moments ticked away---an hour passed. A strange feeling began to steal over Clark's senses. A peculiar odor floated through the air; it reminded him of the faint, sickly odor exhaled by the moccasin snake. He struggled a little in the chair, then gradually forced himself that he was wrong.

"I am very sleepy" he said, drowsily. "And yet I must not sleep! I must keep awake, for I am on guard tonight."

"Joe! Joe! Wake up! Do wake up!" Clark opened his eyes. His wife was standing by him, shaking him violently---a scared look upon her comely face. "Joe! Joe!" she called, loudly, "what is the matter? You never slept like this before! And you were going to watch all night, you know! It is seven o'clock, and---and---good heavens! What a smell of chloroform!"

With a low cry Clark started to his feet, sick and dizzy. It was true; the room was permeated with the deadly odor. He was faint and nauseated from it; his head ached madly. He made his way to the door of the sitting room and threw it open, then fell back, pale and trembling.

The room was empty. Madge was gone!

CHAPTER XII.

FROM PERIL TO PERIL.

Madge had been awakened from a sound sleep with a sensation of being overpowered by a strong, subtle odor. She struggled a little, and then lay still once more. She had lain down to sleep attired in the clothing belonging to Mrs. Clark. They fitted quite well and were fresh, while her own were travel-stained and not very presentable.

For a time Madge lay quiet, neither sleeping nor waking, and gradually the powerful drug began to make its influence felt; for it was indeed chloroform. It overpowered her senses, and made her so weak she could scarcely lift her head. After a time she became conscious that there was a light in the room---a faint, feeble light; it came from a tallow candle and revealed a hurly figure bending over her. She could feel the warm breath upon her cheek, breath redolent of vile liquor, and her heart sank, as she grasped the situation. Oh, for power to move, to cry out, to call aloud, upon the impulse of the bolt, would rush to her side in a moment. But she could not shriek aloud; her very lips will not obey---could not even a moan---escaped them.

She only realized that the hunting had forced himself cracked her down, and she was in his power at last. The knowledge was horrible! It seemed more than she could bear.

Bill Bunting stooped and lifted the slight form in his strong arms. In vain Madge tried to resist; she was simply incapable of action or movement, and could not utter a cry to save her life. He stepped to the window through which he had made his way into the house, wrapping a heavy shawl about the girl as he did so, and snatching up her hat which lay upon the table. Out of the window he went with one bound, and stood alone with his helpless burden quickly in the night and darkness. A low laugh---cruel as the grave---passed his bearded lips.

"Aha, my beauty! You don't escape your destiny so easily! You are destined to become Mrs. Bunting and there's no use in kickin', for it's going to be." And holding the girl's slight form in his strong arms he turned into a narrow path and disappeared in the night. He did not take the road into the village because he had already laid his plans, and there was a horse and cart of his awaiting him in the outskirts of the town. Once arrived there, he found it and placed Madge inside. Then he covered her from the cold air with heavy robes. It was five o'clock in the morning. Just then the distant rumble of an approaching train broke the silence. Bill Bunting laughed.

"That's your train, Madge, my girl!" he said grimly---for Madge's eyes were open, and although she could not speak she was observing everything eagerly---"there goes your train, my beauty, but you can't fly! No; you is goin' back to your home and old granny---and me---my Madge! Now, don't you real glad to come home to me?"

She did not answer. A shiver ran through her, and she closed her eyes. What was that? A sound broke the silence of the early morning---that hushed, pure silence with which the new-born day arises and stands before the world; modest and timid at first, like a tender maiden, then growing bolder as it grows older. What sound was that that smote upon the frost hush of the early morning; cold and clear and fair? Surely, it was the sound of horses' feet tearing down the road some distance off. It was only Madge struggled out of the enveloping robes, her strength returned, as the fumes of the chloroform dissipated in the fresh, crisp air, and her brain returned to its normal condition.

Bill muttered oath. Bill sprang forward and caught the girl's slight figure in his arms, enclosing them while to stifle her cries. But Madge was determined and resolute. Shriek after shriek rent the air.

"Help! Help! Help!" she cried, madly.

As the cries passed her lips two horsemen appeared in sight and with an answering cry, the foremost flung himself from his horse, while the other urged on the bridle. The former then made his way to the wagon where Bill Bunting sat with Madge in his arms, half overpowered by the fur robe.

"Madge!" cried a well remembered voice, in joyful tones.

"Rex---Mr. Davenport! Oh---"

But Bill Bunting threw the robe over her face and thus effectually stopped down her voice.

With a wild hurrah, Alan Harvey sprang from his horse and flew to the rescue. In less time than it takes to tell it Bill Bunting had measured his foot and lying in the bottom of the wagon, where he expected himself to remain, was stretched out deep. Alan sprang upon his horse and trotted away, leading the other horse, while Rex in the wagon, with Madge's side, drove away like mad in the direction of Tarrytown.

"As soon as we missed you, Madge," the young man made haste to explain, "we pursued you to the station to stop the train and let us off. You see, Alan and I were in the smoking car, and Bunting was in the car with the other sleeper with the old lady who got to be such good friends with, and we thought he had come to join you. As you ladies, you were nowhere to be found. The conductor, whom Alan knew, told us that he had seen you leave the train but had paid no attention as to whether you were alone or not. Then the situation dawned at once. You had left the train to look about and rest your limbs, benumbed by the train had left you. So we begged so hard, the conductor consented to put us off, and the wilderness and we decided to walk back to Tarrytown and find you. But Marigold was quite ill, and we were in trouble. We did not know what to do, but finally stumbled across a lodge in the vast forest---a most fortunate---for some kind-hearted people lived. They were good to Marigold and to us. They came to join you and gave simple remedies and lent us these horses so that we could come on and find you. Now, Madge, we will just have time to rescue you from that wretch on the bottom of the wagon, then Alan and I will take him taken in charge by the authorities and then we will drive back to where my wife is waiting with Marigold, we will take the train for the east, this time I trust, to reach home in safety."

Madge nestled closer to his side, for the young man had placed his arm about her, and whispered softly:

"How good---how awfully good you are to me! I can never---never---"

"I thank you enough!"

And then she told him her own story; all that had occurred since the boy brought her the bogus message on the train. As she spoke the young man's brow grew very full and tender.

"You dear little thing!" he exclaimed, "you are the truest and sweetest heart in the world."

"With one exception," said Madge, shyly, her eyes drooping from before his ardent gaze, "for who would have been so kind to your sister---but you?"

He bent his head and before Madge could dream his intention, had pressed his lips to hers.

"There! Forgive me," he said. "I just could not help it. I---"

But Madge's face was burning with blushes, and her heart was beating rapidly. The man had never kissed her in her life before, and she felt a deep feeling of devotion in her heart for this young man whom she had learned to love so dearly.

They reached Tarrytown and turned to Bunting over to the authorities. There was a call upon Mr. and Mrs. Clark who were overjoyed to see Madge safe and restored to her friends. Clark presented her with the money and urged her so hard to accept it that Madge finally consented; and feeling quite like an heiress she drove away with Rex, while Alan Harvey followed with the horses and so, late in the day, they reached the rude cabin where Marigold awaited them in anxiety.

Rex had brought a boy to drive the vehicle to Tarrytown, and after remaining at the wayside cabin until the next day---so that Marigold might be fully rested---they boarded the fast express and reached Philadelphia one night.

"Home at last!" cried Rex, his bronzed cheek flushing.

He had wired to his mother that he was bringing a party of friends and Mrs. Davenport, accustomed to her son's open-handed hospitality, received them with gracious kindness.

But when Rex had told the story of his adventures and his meeting with Madge and twice saved him from a horrible fate, Mrs. Davenport, the good, kind woman of the world, rose to her feet, and taking the young girl in her arms, kissed her tenderly.

"My dear little girl," she said, gently. "you must be welcomed and be our daughter. Oh, yes, my dear, you must not refuse. Rex will be marrying some day, and I believe we could not find a more perfect been in my lonely life."

But Madge refused to be, but not to sleep. Before his mind was ever the vision of Madge Winter's beautiful face and he was in love with Marigold.

He had been on the eve of confessing that love to Madge when the latter had been interrupted by Madge entering the room. Looking back on that, Rex knew that he felt a strange feeling of relief. The next morning Rex went to his lawyer and consulted with him about the matter. It was gold's fortune and placed the affair in the lawyer's hands. Mr. Morton assured Rex that Marigold would only need to be acknowledged as John Ainsworth's heir, and there would be no trouble. Rex, then, accompanied by the lawyer, went to the express office and got the tin box containing the treasure. It was soon in his possession, and alone with the lawyer in his office, Rex discovered the nature of the jewels. The contents were dazzling---blinding. The diamonds were simply grand---unique.

"Why, they rival the Koh-i-noor!" exclaimed Mr. Morton, in a transport of wild delight. "My dear Davenport, this treasure must be placed in care of the Safe Deposit company at once---immediately."

It was accordingly done, and all formalities complied with. Then Rex turned homeward. And---and---what then? With the matter in hand, that he did not observe the future shifting of Madge's face from before him, keeping him skillfully in sight---the little figure and crafty face of Zeba, the Hindoo girl.

This remarkable story will be concluded in next week's issue. Subscribers and readers are respectfully referred to our premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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Tennyson's Humor.

There was a playful humor in Lord Tennyson that comparatively few people ever saw, except within the familiar circle of his friends. John Blackwood, a member of the Edinburgh firm of publishers, has an amusing instance of this in one of his letters.

The Reverend James White, rector of a neighboring parish, and Tennyson were chatting each other, as their custom was, concerning the pros and cons of respective houses.

"I believe part of Bonchurch belongs to you, remarked the poet.

"The whole of it," said White.

"Well, then," retorted Tennyson, "the hole you live in."

And the Reverend James White was silenced.

MEN MADE STRONG---NO DRUGS

A child may inherit a parent's strength, it may inherit his weakness. There is food for sober thought expressed in that sentence. Strength is a natural condition, weakness the reverse. For thirty years I have been showing men the road to strength. I have demonstrated a natural remedy to be the true remedy. I have made a specialty of nervous and organic weaknesses in men as a result of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, &c. I could not give you as good service as some doctors in fevers, or pneumonia, or smallpox. I am no authority on obstetrics or tuberculosis or surgical operations, but this is a day of specialties. I know the nervous and glandular system of men. That's my strong card. I treat weak men, and weak men only. In the beginning let me say I use no drugs. What I take your money I want to give you value in return. I couldn't do that and give you drugs for weakness. They stimulate. They give "quick results," but you fall back into a worse condition. You are weak, you have robbed Nature by abusing her laws, but she is magnanimous, she is forgiving. I will ask her to give that strength back to you. I am the inventor of an appliance which puts in your hands a means of using Nature's great restorer, Electricity. It is the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with attachment for men. Mind what I say. In ten years from date this Belt will be the world's remedy for weakness. I publish that a year. All absolute cures after all else had failed. The treatment is most common sense. It appeals to better judgment. It is the long continued use of the pure galvanic current which does the work. Ordinary batteries are worthless. They do not generate the volume and cannot be applied long enough. That's why I invented my Electric Belt. It was to fill a want. You put it on when you go to bed, take it off next morning. That's what does the work. Seven hours of Nature's strengthener each day for ninety days with a little sound advice to suit your case. That is all. That will bring you back to strength.

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Secrets of a Grave.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

this. My horse is going to Brinkwater."

"Not with my niece on his back, at all events," sneered the other.

"That is for her to say."

Brant cast an appealing glance at the pretty girl on the horse. Della was pale and agitated. It grieved her to see the trouble her presence was causing, yet she was now more determined than ever on visiting Brinkwater where several of her dead father's friends resided.

"I wish very much to go to Brinkwater, uncle," said Della, when thus appealed to.

"But I say you cannot go. I mean to take you home with me. You ought to be ashamed to act like this when I am so deeply interested in your welfare. It is through your persistent disobedience that your brother came to his death. You ought at least to have some feeling on that score."

The cruel words of her uncle had their effect and Della burst into bitter weeping.

"It is your duty to return with me," said Scoville, who was quick to pursue the advantage he had gained.

"I will see to finding and returning the dead boy to Hilltop. As for this fellow here," refering to Brant Grayson, "you do not know him and it isn't proper for a young girl to go about the country as you are doing with a perfect stranger. Dismount and let this chap take his horse. I guess you are good for a three mile walk."

The speaker put up his hands to lift his niece from the animal's back. Before this was accomplished, however, a hand grasped his shoulder and drew him violently backward.

The face of Brant Grayson was white with indignant wrath when Scoville looked at it, and even he recoiled before the look in the boy's flashing eyes.

"You are not Miss Banwell's guardian," cried the boy, hotly. "I am her protector, and will not permit you to mistreat her, as you have been doing. Go from here at once or it will be the worse for you. I believe, as do others, that you have robbed Miss Banwell and her brother, and there'll come a day of reckoning much sooner than you imagine. Step along, sir, and be quick about it. I'll stand no fooling."

The scheming lumberman recoiled before a glittering revolver in the hand of the speaker. Instantly the hand of Adam Scoville fell to his hip, but the fury of anger and dismay when he discovered that his own weapon was gone!

"You have robbed me!" gasped the villain.

"I have simply turned your murderous weapon on yourself!" declared Brant. "I'll give you just one minute to make up your mind about what you will do, old man!"

The look in the eyes of the speaker convinced the lumberman that discretion was the better part of valor just then.

"Give me my weapon and I will go," gurgled Scoville, with ill grace over his defeat.

"I will leave it for you at the hotel in Brinkwater," returned the boy. "At present I may need it, to protect Della and myself from madmen."

With a muttered threat the discomfited plotter walked away and was soon lost to sight in the woods. Five minutes later Brant and his girl friend were once more on their way toward Brinkwater. They had not proceeded far when Della hailed her horse and called to the boy in advance. Brant hastened at once to her side.

"I can't think of going on to Brinkwater," said she, "while Gale may be lying wounded and suffering in some one of those thickets. Won't you look once more for him, Brant?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," returned Grayson. "Mother Babble's hut is only a little way from here, provided the storm hasn't demolished it. You will be safe there until I can give the vicinity a more thorough search. Mother Babble is a simple old soul, and you need not fear her."

They found the hut in question unharmed by the storm, being protected by an overhanging hill. Debris strewed the vicinity, but the trees had fallen even across the little clearing in which Mother Babble's cabin stood.

Leaving his horse tethered and seeing his young charge safely ensconced in the log cabin of Mother Babble, Brant hurried back to look once more for the missing Gale.

Della found the cabin owner to be a garrulous old crone, who lived alone, subsisting, she assured her guest, by doing washing and sewing for men engaged on a logging job a few miles distant.

Mrs. Babble asked a thousand and one questions while posting her guest with all the latest gossip about the good and bad people of the vicinity. She gave Adam Scoville rather a dark setting, and averred that people said old Adam had cheated his brother's children out of everything left them by their father.

"I don't know how true 'tis," said she, "but there's a heap of talk that way, and the banned's money he'd a been in the penitentiary afore now."

Time passed slowly to Della despite the sociability of her hostess. Her feelings were worked up over the fate of Gale and she looked anxiously for the return of Brant Grayson with news.

At the noon hour Mother Babble prepared a frugal meal of which Della ate sparingly. Della stood in the cabin door, gazing unceasily about the clearing, when a man suddenly appeared from a thicket, and ran swiftly toward her. He was panting from exertion and plainly labored under great excitement.

This fascinating story of two orphans' adventures will be continued. The Ledger's fine premium offers appear on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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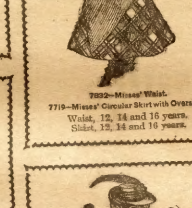

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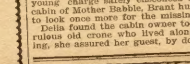

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Young America.

In one of the large cities of the middle west a man who occupies an important and responsible position in the counting room of the Standard Oil company happens to reside not far from the home of a labor agitator. The two men naturally have not much in common, but their two boys, upon whom the artificial distinctions of society exercise less restraint, are great friends.

"Papa," said the son of the rich man, coming in one day from a romp with his playmate, "are you going to vote for Higginson?"—by which name may be designated one of the candidates for mayor in a pending city election.

"To be sure," answered his father.

"Well, I wouldn't," said the boy, with great positiveness.

"Why not, Freddy?" asked the magnate, considerably amused. "Would you vote for the other man? No? What's your politics, anyhow?"

"I don't know yet," rejoined Freddy, but"—and he stuck his hands in his pockets and stood with his feet wide apart—"I'm down on trusts!"

Meandering Mike's Request.

If as a beggar I loom up,
One t'ing I want to beg:
Don't offer me no fancy cup,
I'd rather have a keg.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

"A Lazy Man's Load."

Thump, thump, thud!

How many times it had occurred in the last few minutes—that noise!

Willie didn't cry, for hadn't grandma called him, only that morning, "My little man," and who ever heard of a man crying because he had let fall an armful of wood?

Nevertheless, he did look as woebegone and Humpty-dumpty-like sitting on the lowest stair as he looked down on the floor above.

"Oh, grandpa! I've just had the awfullest time! The wood won't stay where I put it!" and Willie's sober, upturned face was met by grandpa's smiling countenance coming down the stairs.

"I'm afraid my Willie boy has been taking a lazy man's load," boy?" said grandpa, as he surveyed the crisscross sticks on the floor.

"Why, grandpa, I'm not lazy, am I?" asked Willie, quickly. "I tried and tried to carry as much as you could—I did, really and truly I did."

"Ah, there's where you made your mistake, my boy! Couldn't you have gone a number of times easily with a smaller load, while you were tugging away with so much?"

"Y-e-s," answered Willie, thoughtfully.

"Trying to carry too much of anything," said grandpa, slowly, as he sat down on the sawhorse, "is what I call 'a lazy man's load;' for a lazy man always tries to carry everything at once, for fear he may take a few useless steps, and by so doing causes himself double work, besides unnecessary worry and trouble. Had you taken a smaller load you would have had no trouble in carrying it, and by this time your woodbox would have been filled."

"Grandpa," and Willie put his sturdy little arms resolutely about his grandfather's neck, "I'm tired carrying a lazy man's load and shall always carry a smart man's load hereafter."

Then as he ran away whistling with what wood he could comfortably carry, grandpa nodded, "And he'll remember it too."

Boys Spanked.

In New York city the other day two boys were brought before the judge for stealing apples and breaking the branches of the trees.

"What these boys need is a good whipping," said the judge. "That's what my father gave me for robbing orchards, and it made a man of me."

"The worst of it is," the judge went on, "that the law does not provide for spanking."

Just then his eye caught sight of the belt around the policeman's waist. It was a broad belt, and it gave him an idea.

"Take off your belt," he said to the policeman, and when he had it in his hands he gave it a good slap across his plotting pad. "Just the right weight!" he said. "My father's strap was just about like this. He is by no means strong, and physicians have advised great caution in his education. The queen, who is an Austrian by birth, is exceedingly anxious that he should learn her native language, and as all the German grammars are too hard for such a little fellow, and indeed for most big fellows, she herself has written a book for his express use. The lessons consist mainly of short verses, which the king learns by heart and recites very prettily. One verse has this line: "Kings must reign with love." And little Alfonso asks his mother each night: "Have I reigned wisely today?"

The Prince's Five-Shilling Piece.

The Prince of Wales was one day in an elementary school on his Sandringham estate, and, in his usual genial way, held up a five-shilling piece, saying:

"I will give this to the scholar who can tell the difference between him or her and myself."

After a pause a bright-looking little lad stood up and said, "I think I can, sir."

"Well," was the prince's reply, "what is it, my boy?"

"I am waiting for your crown and you are waiting for your mother's."

Needless to add he got the money, and amused the prince immensely.

He Knew Why.

Mother—Now, Johnnie, why does water run down hill?

Johnnie—Cause it can't walk, mum.

Dog Chews Gum.

A Louisville man has a little house dog that chews gum like a human being.

Boy King.

Many pretty stories are related of the young king of Spain. At a recent function, in which only young people joined, a miss of 9, who had danced several times with little Alfonso, presented her cheek to him for a salute. Instantly he straightened up and extended his hand to her. "I don't kiss girls," he said, "they kiss my hand instead. I am your king."

It is said that he is very fond of study; indeed, that the queen regent, his mother, has great difficulty in keeping him away

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